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ISSUE # 79
SUMMER '01

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Candy Ass,
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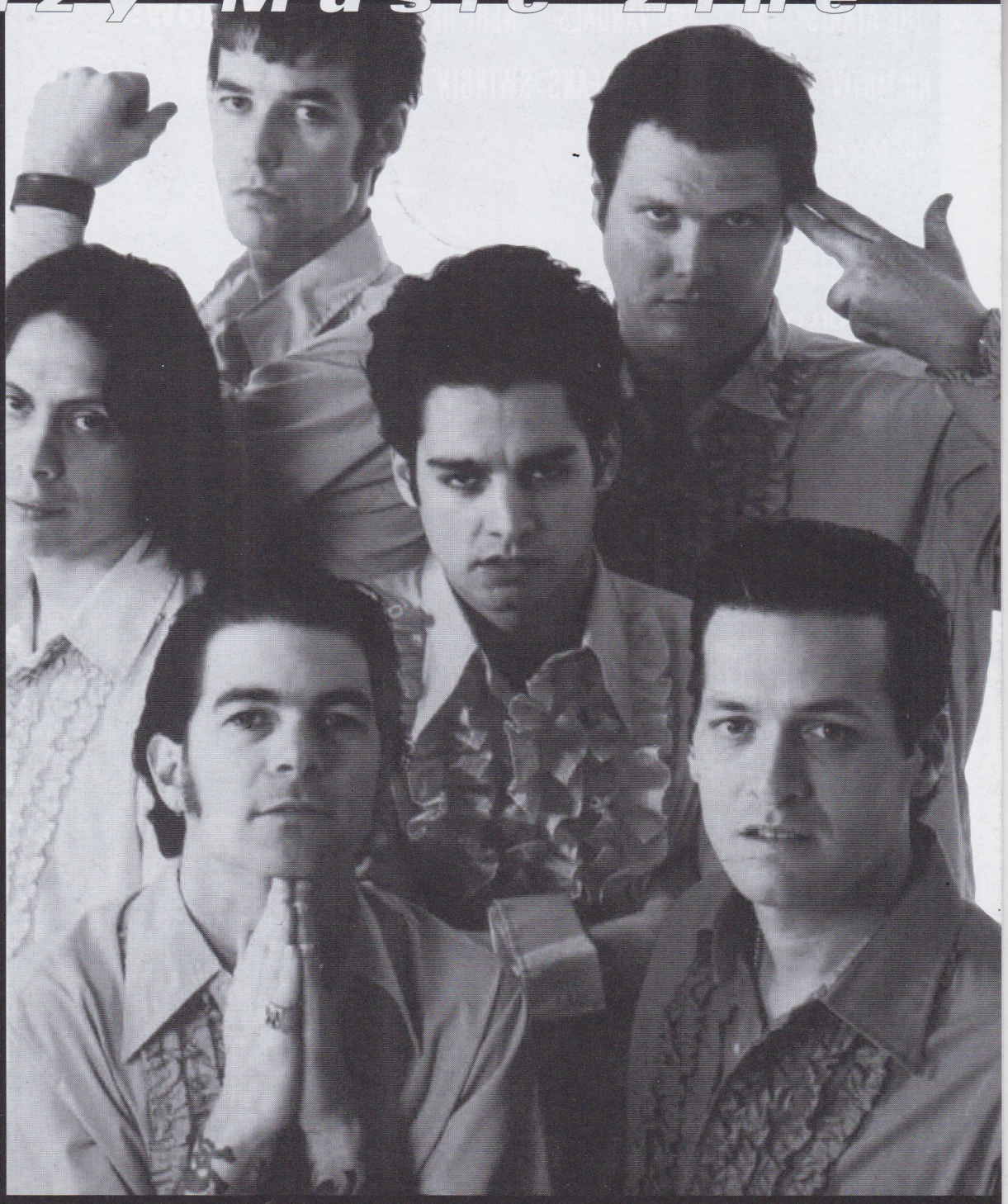

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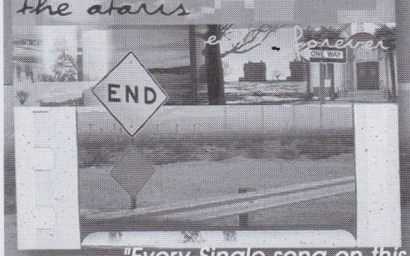

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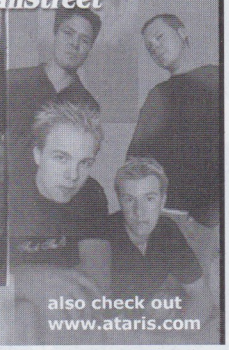

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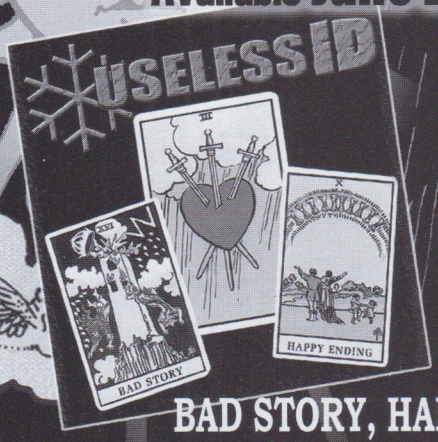

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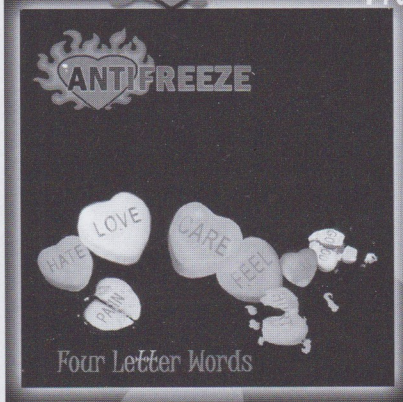

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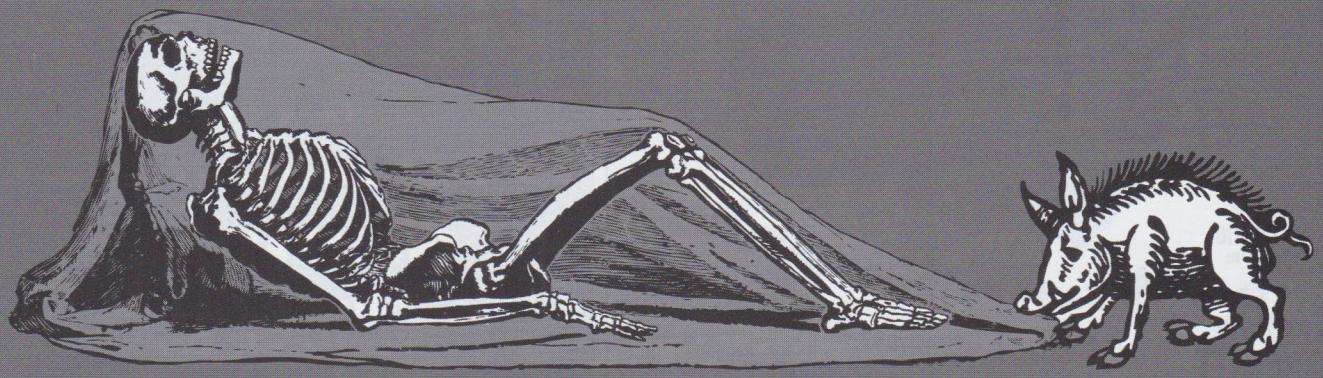

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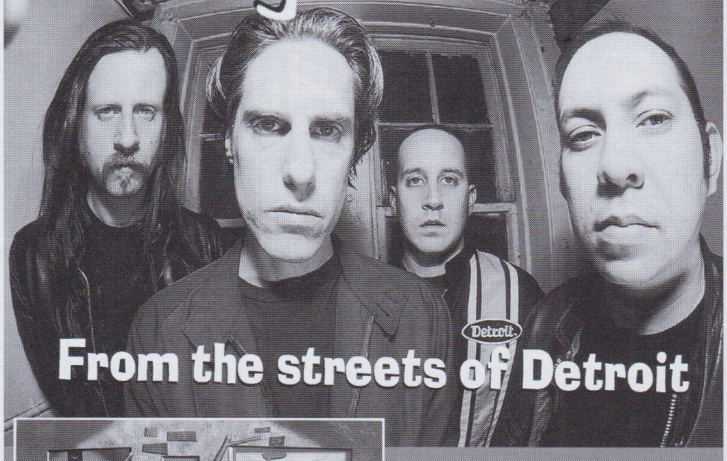

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BACK ISSUES:

Some recent back issues are available, refer to our website for more info.

We always need new contributors people so get in touch.

ON THE COVER: Rocket From The Crypt

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Caustic Truths!
Noizy Music Zine

Issue # 79

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FEEDBACK!

KUDOS FOR US

Hey Bub!

Best Canadian zine since Sold Out, remember those guys? Thanks again,

Anthony

BOO BOOS FROM US

Editor,

Yesterday I received a copy of the latest issue of Caustic Truths here at the SF Weekly offices. I was eager to take a look at it because, well, I happen to like zines and buy zines -- and also because I was interested in reading about the Dead Kennedys lawsuit.

So I was surprised and disappointed to see that Daniel Jacobs' article "Forget the Union" appears to have ripped clean quotes from an article I wrote about the lawsuit a couple of years ago ["Punks at War," June 23, 1999], without attributing the source. Jello Biafra's quote about his fear of being beat up again, lawyer David M. Given's quotes, and East Bay Ray's comments about Jello's house in Diamond Heights -- these are all, word for word, the same quotes in my 1999 article.

I can't help but believe that Mr. Jacobs has taken my reporting and claimed it as his own. This is plagiarism.

I could, if I wanted to, be a complete asshole about this -- call in lawyers and so forth. But there'd be a sick irony to getting litigious about an article about a lawsuit, and besides I'm not particularly greedy about money. Fair credit, however, is another matter, so all I ask is that you give credit where it's due. I worked pretty hard on that story -- the DK lawsuit was a knotty and ugly situation that was difficult to untangle, and some of the people involved weren't particularly eager to talk about it in detail.

Believe me, I'm glad Mr. Jacobs thought enough of my article to use it as a reference for his own piece. But using quotes without stating where they were originally published is lousy journalism that only serves to damage his credibility, not to mention that of Caustic Truths.

Sincerely,

Mark Athitakis
Staff Writer
SF Weekly
185 Berry Street, Suite 3800
San Francisco, CA 94107
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sfweekly.com

Yes, of course I used ONE of that guy's very short quotes. but you know very well that I didn't meet East Bay Ray.. So I had to get his perspective from another source. So I read that guys article on the net and I got the quote from there. Nothing shocking. I guess I should have credited him, however. The reason I didn't was because it was such a short quote. I'm suprised he even noticed. I guess it was because it was an exact quote.
Sincerely,
Daniel

ALSO....

Jello had some criticism about Daniel's Jacob's srticle in CT #78. This is what he said during the last part of my interview:

The guy is biased in his propensity for it bleeds, it leads his Conrad Black style bullshit. It is pretty obvious of the article. I will leave it up to you if you really want to run in it Conrad Black style. I looked at it and tossed it. I don't remember all of it. Even there was nyah, nyah hah hah about my sister getting killed at the end. I thought it was pretty pathetic.

Got something to say? Please send it our way. We especially love hate mail from jealous no-name Toronto based stupid idtiots who run a go-nowhere label . Please send us some more. We enjoy it. The idiot losers know who they are. By the way, they love Christian rock!!! Please mail out more slanderour material so that our readers can enjoy it too!!

COLUMNS

BOYD BLITZ
by Jack Link

For longtime diehards and the uninitiated, two new releases provide a diverse and fascinating retrospective of Boyd Rice: prankster, philosopher, writer, musician. Most people will recognize him as the one man noise pioneer, Non. He's contributed pieces to Adam Parfrey's seminal "Apocalypse Culture" and its sequel. A Church of Satan Magister, he's currently preparing a religious historical tome, tracing the lineage of Jesus to the mysterious Rennes-le-Chateau and the Priors of Sion in France. Truly a renaissance man for our troubled times.

First, "The Way I Feel" cd, available from Soleilmoon Recordings. The cover was inspired by a similarly titled Leonard Nemoy album, though I doubt Leonard would be walking the same thematic ground as Boyd. This release compiles rarities, collaborations with other artists (Coil, Chthonic Force, Shaun Partridge), as well as a few tracks from his "easy listening" albums-like "Music, Martinis, Misanthropy" and "Hatesville." The songs reflect the personal interests, philosphies, and themes that have pervaded his work: social darwinism, misogyny, the duality of man, and just plain having fun. Also included is the ultra groovy theme from the yet to be released "Pearls Before Swine, " starring Boyd Rice as a neo-fascist hitman. Add actor to his burgeoning array of talents. You won't find much in terms of Non's musical endurance tests, but still a rewarding listening experience and well worth tracking down.

Next, Predatory Instinct Productions presents "The Many Moods of Boyd Rice," a video compendium which includes rare television appearances, a glance at his esoteric pop culture collection, extensive video footage from his last European tour with like minded artists Death In June and Der Blutharsch, and many other surprises. See Boyd d.j.'ing oddball thrift store and garage sale vinyl at a dingy club. See Boyd defend the Church of Satan against a rabid talkshow audience and panel. See Boyd perform an impromptu strip number at a nudie bar. Add dancer to his burgeoning array of talents. While this video could have used a bit of judicious pruning, particularly during the tour, "The Many Moods..." nonetheless is highly entertaining and sheds a little light on the enigma that is Boyd Rice.

Both the cd and the video can be conveniently purchased from Soleilmoon.com, the Boyd Rice/Non tribute page longlivedeath.com, or a choice music store near you. Do it today so you too can marvel at Boyd Rice, prolific and iconoclastic genius.

STEPPINGSTONE
by Jay K.

I honestly believe I've felt actual heartbreak a total of once. Sure, there's been times when I knew the relationship wasn't working so it ended, but I never felt bad about it because I lost feelings for that person.
This one time I just got out of a year and half relationship a couple months before. I dated around, but it never really went anywhere. I was at the Misfits show in Toronto and saw a couple friends of mine with a couple people I didn't know. 'This is Eileen' my friend Jon said to me. I was staring into the face of honestly, one of the best looking girls I've ever seen. She was tall, skinny, had the skinhead haircut with red bangs and two big brown eyes. On further inspection, she was laced with yellow (meaning she's Anarchist, which I also am). We went to talking, me being nervous as hell the whole time and we discovered we had a lot in common. We talked the entire set of the first two bands, but they sucked anyway. I saw them the previous night in London. Anyway, so the show's over and her friend April drives me and a buddy of mine home (and I'm waaay outta the way of the other people). I was high as a kite (marajuana and PCP is NOT a good mix) and somehow got the nerve to ask her for her number. So we exchanged numbers and said goodbye. The next day her number wasn't working. The one I dialed said the thing wasn't in service. I was frantic. I called all the people she came with asking what the hell was going on (waking most of them up) and then it hit me: the seven's really a two! I called it and she was busy so she called me back an hour later. We made plans to get coffee the next day.
Next day after work I called her from downtown and we met at a nearby coffee shop. We were talking more and found out we have more in common than we thought. We then walked through the woods, holding hands. I was on cloud nine. I walked her back to her place and she said she would call me the next day and kissed me on the cheek. Now, I thought I was on cloud nine before, but HOLY SHIT!
As we saw each other, we would hang out with friends, get drunk and act stupid and just talk on the phone. A date of ours would consist of sitting on a bench hand in hand and talking for 5 hours. I've never met anyone whom I could do that with, not even my best friend, whom I have known all his life.
Now, looking back, I was coming on rather strong (I asked her to marry me the day I met her, if she said 'yes' I swear I would have done it) and she obviously got tired of it. She sad she needed time to cool this down and how strong I was coming on. We said we'd still be friends, and I'd call and I'm thinking she told her mom to give an excuse. I saw her at a record store near Christmas and she took off. I saw her at a show and gave her back her suspenders and again, she took off.
We didn't do anything that emotionally attached. She taught me more about myself then I ever thought I even knew. I didn't need or really want anything emotionally attached, I was happy with holding hands and kissing. Although it only lasted just under 2 months, it was by far the best relationship I've ever had. I really miss her. Sometimes I take a look of the pictures I have of her and

curse myself for being everything I hate. She left and there's nothing I can do. If you're reading this Eileen or you know her, let her know that I'm terribly sorry. She doesn't have to talk to me if she doesn't want to, but please forgive me. I never wanted to make you feel the way I did. I still care about you a lot.

DOWN MEXICO WAY
by Chris Kaynes

Jonny Diamond was a legend. Growing up in obscene poverty of Las Colonias or shantytowns that marked the Mexican/US border, he was a boy of great strength and determination. His mother would remark how strong her son was to people on her trips to the larger border towns of Agua Prieta and Nogales in hopes that she would be able to rent out his services, much like a mule. It was in this manner that young Esteban built his strength and reputation as a fierce competitor. Esteban worked very hard for many years for his mother and his five younger siblings. If it were not for his efforts, the family surely would have been destitute. However, Esteban grew restless of the hot and dusty labour that occupied his every waking day.

Surviving life on the border is a unique experience. There, a constant reminder tempts you to think that the grass may be greener on the other side. Esteban could see that things were indeed different across the fences and walls that marked the border. The US held a hope that shined off the newly built homes and factories, that was missing when he turned around to see the barely standing shelters of rusted metal and dusty, cracked wood. It was on a construction job in Tijuana that Esteban saw that many Mexicans also shared his dream for a better life in the States. Tijuana has long been the departure point for many Mexicans to jump the wall into the US. And now that Esteban saw others were taking the chance, he could do nothing to stop his unconscious participation.

Without any thought of his mother or the life that he would be leaving behind, he grappled his way to the top of the wall in the dark hours of the morning. Just as he was making his way over the top, a siren shrieked as spotlights shot out across the wall and land below. Like an infestation of cockroaches, all the Mexicans that anonymously accompanied Esteban on his journey, were sent scuttling for cover. Frightened and vulnerable, Esteban clumsily hurried, catching his pant leg on the barbwire. Crashing to the ground, he chipped his front teeth on a stone that jutted out from his new home. Stunned and bloodied he fled into the darkness of the greener side.

Now, Jonny Diamond lay in his Mexico City motel room. An 18-year veteran of professional wrestling, he is on the downside of his career. After countless knee and spine operations, he is reduced to playing the role of clown to four midget wrestlers called the El Toros. This is his first time back in Mexico since the night in Tijuana. His tongue traces the distinctive diamond shaped chip in his teeth as he lingers over the memory.

Life has not been any easier for Jonny since he arrived in the US. Work was hard to come by and he's encountered prejudice wherever he sought to eek out a living. It wasn't until Colonel Teddy Otaiga noticed Jonny's exceptional build and strength did he offer him a wrestling tryout. Jonny's competitive nature and strength were well suited to the squared circle and he became an instant favourite - for everyone loves an underdog. He was dubbed Jonny Diamond by the fans that grew to love him. Despite this modest success, life on the road was tough. Cheap motels, dirty women and hard liquor meals didn't do a body any favours when it would just get knocked around each night. And no matter how much the fans loved you, they would just as soon turn on you when you smashed a chair against the wrong spine.

After years of thankless criss-crossing the lower United States as part of the Southwestern semi-Professional Elite Wrestling circuit, the SPEW were making their first promotional tour into Mexico. This was a homecoming, a coronation of sorts, for Jonny: native son returns after making good in the US of A. Lying in the heavy heat of the room with the sounds and smells of the city encroaching upon his moment of reflection, Jonny was battling a sense of heartache. Perhaps Jonny should not have discussed this sense of heartache with Saint Jude, the Punishing Priest, as he had a tendency to interpret everything from a metaphysical standpoint. Saint Jude advised Jonny that he was just overwhelmed by the feeling of coming full circle, that upon entering the ring and hearing the cheers from his people he will then know that he has no regrets.

When there was no answer from inside Jonny's motel room, the SPEW production assistant got the motel manager to open the door. Jonny was lying motionless on the bed in his mask and bulls eye themed tights – always the professional. The autopsy showed that the "heartache" was caused by E. Coli bacteria ingested from the half eaten taco that lay on the bedside table. It was fitting that the El Toros were Jonny Diamond's pallbearers. For throughout Jonny's life, his heartache was tied closely to the dusty ground.

HEARTBREAKER GETS HEARTBREAKER
by Mel

I tend to be the heartbreaker in most relationships, so I definitely get sore whenI don't get to play the part. Even worse is when I end up getting severely heartbroken. More often than not, I can play the part of the cold-hearted bitch without a second thought, and as a result of this, I've got quite the reputation as a remorseless player. Not completely true!

Truly, the guys I have thought to be wonderful have all ended up being stalkers, assholes, cheaters and manipulators (and don,t think I haven,t played that role either). There's a small army of heartbreaking ex-boyfriends who include "Old Navy Boy" (who had been employed at Old Navy for the time we knew each other and had great stories about those scary little headsets all the employees wear, and stopped calling me out of the blue), "College Boy". Everything was wonderful, we casually dated and I fell hard in love until I found out I didn't hear from him for weeks at a time not only because of full-time class and 80 hour work weeks but because he had about 10 other girlfriends), and "Punk Boy" (because we were so whipped over each other, it was all manipulation and mind-games and I gave up after too many attempts to hook up were shot down cold).

I think what's even more disheartening for me than not being the heartbreaker or even being heartbroken is when everything is perfect until it gets screwed up, and neither of us are the heartbreakers. Those sometimes turn into the "one that got away" story. I have a feeling all of us have one of those.

We were introduced by a mutual friend a few weeks after I had lopped off all my elbow length hair into a little pixie cut, and a few days after a long-winded fling with a skinhead boy, a few years younger than I, ended. It was the right time to meet someone new.

It wasn't love at first sight by any means, but he did have beautiful eyes, a great smile and a knowledge of books and politics beyond the normal range that most attractive 21-year-old males possess. So the three of us sat crowded around a small table and ate pizza while discussing the odds and ends of college, high school, the grey area between the two and the downfall of ecstasy use.

He didn't mind that my hair wasn't long anymore. He didn't mind the platforms on my creepers. He didn't mind the Misfits button on my bag and only brought it up to mention that he was really into the band. This was heaven on two legs! After a few hours of small talk we discovered a mutual liking for Japanese culture, and it was casually brought up he was moving to Japan. How soon? I wasn't sure. I didn't care. He seemed to have a delicious grasp on a not so delicious reality, his point of view so fresh versus the everyday drag of my usual friends and acquaintances. Somehow he encompassed all the goodness in the ideal person, being an incredible visual artist, a constant reader, a freethinker, full of spontaneity and intelligence.

The night ended around one in the morning when he drove me to the lot where my car was parked. We exchanged numbers, an affectionate hug and a friendly kiss. We didn't talk for weeks after.

I just didn't have the drive to call. I wanted to definitely give it a week, naturally, but then a week turned into two, and those two weeks eventually became into three and somewhere between the third and fourth week since we'd spent the evening together, I called him. We had more talks about politics. After a few conversations on the phone, I began having a real liking for this boy, and of course, that's when word came he was leaving in 4 weeks. Time was ticking from that moment on, I had 4 weeks to get to know him before he packed his stuff and left for Japan.

Connections were missed, messages were left on each other's voicemail. His work hours clashed with my class hours and we didn't really see each other much at all. We talked on the phone when it was convenient, and eventually made plans to see each other. We had a few short meetings in cold, but almost spring, weather and learned enough about each other to know we really liked each other.

That knowledge of mutual liking emerged at his going away party, after a few beers on each side. I was partially scared I,d get rejected, that he wouldn't nearly dig me as much as I dug him, blah blah blah. But he did, and it worked, and we were into each other. And he was leaving in less than a week. So we'd just laid our hearts out on the table, with this beautiful song being spun by the DJ in the background, and it slowly turned into what I'd usually watch on my television set, or on a movie screen.

It was what I had always thought kissing and touching should really be, but never felt. You know, fireworks and that fuzzy feeling in your tummy. The things everyone talks about but I'd never really felt until then.

We had introduced each other into the world of feeling. Really feeling things. And from this point, we had four days before he was gone. Weeks had so quickly melted into days and I was regretting having not called earlier, having not skipped class to see him. I was regretting how things were working out until I realized it was just perfect and I had to let it flow like it was flowing. So I let it flow. I didn't fight. We spent another day together and it was really nice, to say the least.

The whole thing was so damn beautiful. Overwhelmingly. I am set on the theory that everything happens for a reason, and this happened for a reason. Be it so I could learn that I'm not too stoked on college, or possibly to just realize that there are really good people out there. I told him I felt like there was more between us that had to happen, and he tried denying it, but agreed, knowing he felt the same thing.

Something inside my heart is constantly screaming, "This is it! This is going to work out!". On the other hand, my mind is still wondering if all this went down to just add another chapter to the file of relationships gone sour. If the latter is true, I at least gained lots of goodness from knowing him for the short period of time we had.

Well. He'll be back sometime next year and the world will have completely changed by then. I will have completely changed; he will have completely changed by then. No clue as to where we'll be when he returns, but it's sort of nice knowing I've always got the friend in him even if it's not the avid romance

I'm still dreaming of.

ROCK AND ROLL DREAMER IN A PLASTIC BUBBLE
by Terri-Lynne Waldron

What rock star was it who said that rock critics are frustrated musicians? Whoever made that statement may have hit the nail on the head as far as my past is concerned.

Not unlike a lot of people, I used to have rock star dreams when I was in my mid-teens: I wanted to possess the power to whip my throng of fans into a frenzy while I belted out my power rock songs on stage. Leafing through 80's magazines like Trouser Press and Creem , I imagined myself on the pages of those publications...posing and pouting with just enough aloofness to both piss off and intrigue my public at the same time.

With my ambition and talent bursting at the seams, I decided that I would unleash myself on an unsuspecting public. Simply put...I needed to find a band who would make my dreams come true. It never occurred to me that I may not possess the talent needed to become the 'next big thing', and besides, I had seen enough raw ability in the music industry masquerading as vocalists, so why couldn't there be a place for me as well?

I scoured the classified section of the newspaper and set up an audition with a band looking for 'a female singer who could belt like Pat Benatar'. Ok...so I knew that I was nowhere near as good as rock's reigning 80's queen, but maybe the band may recognize my ambition, pizzazz and star quality and hire me for the job anyway. Almost as important as the voice was the 'look' and I made sure that mine had all the ingredients that would make the grade: long white duster coat, black tube skirt and a pink t-shirt. Black stiletto pumps and neon pink tube socks completed my rock chic look. I was convinced that I had it all together and stardom was just around the corner.

I walked into the audition hall with confidence to spare and shook the hands of the guys who may soon become my new best friends. For the last couple of days I had been rehearsing the songs that I was about to perform, and I really felt that I had nailed them. I took my place behind the microphone ready to infuse the lyrics with my own special vocal quality. I was about to knock 'em dead...I was sure of it!
I was not entirely off the mark. I knocked 'em dead all right...into a dead silence. The off-key warbling that just came out of my mouth surprised even myself. Was this the way I had sounded in front of my mirror at home?
"You're kidding... right?" was the deadpan voice that came from the guitarist after being tortured by my 'singing' for three minutes. "The ad said 'serious vocalists only', and there is no way you can be serious after what you just attempted to do."

"I-I must be a little nervous." I stammered trying to save face. "Can I start again?"

"I think we've heard enough. You may want to consider changing professions and not wasting people's time in the future." The words were like a wake up call and forced me to face the inevitable: I was never going to be a singer. I was just a dreamer who wanted to connect with all the rock stars that graced the pages of the magazines I poured over each day. I had heard my voice but I never actually listened to it. I couldn't sing and I had let my imagination lead me on. I was much more caught up in the glamour, fame and fortune of the business.

I looked around. I was still standing before the four musicians as I fought back tears and fought to keep my dignity intact. No such luck. I excused myself and fumbled over the furniture trying to rush out of the room. I didn't have to give up my dreams, but I felt so foolish, heartbroken and embarrassed that I knew I could never put myself in that type of situation again. What a blow to my ego that had been.
But I still needed to connect to the music in some capacity.The more I read music magazines the more I felt that I possessed the same sarcasm, wit and writing ability of those journalists. I may never have been able to say, "I'm with the band", but when I talked about the bands, I wanted to make sure that people read my work. I no longer care about commanding people's attention with a rock and roll persona, because I now prefer to do so with the words on the printed page.

MMMMMM CHOCALATE
by RobertTemple

It was a late weekend night, and my friends and I were at karaoke. Obviously we were drunk, so we were making donkey's asses out of ourselves. Prancing around like cavemen, unintentionally frightening most of the customers away.

So after a tiring night of moshing on stage to Backstreet Boys and Britney Spears songs, we decided to head out. The owner was delighted to get rid of us, and he could finally relax his grip from the baseball bat he hid under the counter. It was all in innocent fun though. Innocent drunken Saturday night fun.

Outside we were jumping around the sidewalk, trying to communicate through our lost voices. Was it the beer, or the consistent screaming that had taken away our voices? Who knew, and who cared? Because it was Saturday night. A night of merriment and cheer.

Partway through our jouneys through the back alleys of downtown Toronto, we spotted some new toys. Two large picnic table umbrellas in new condition, just lying in the garbage. This was a very radical find if I may say so myself. And like Keith Richards after finding a bottle of vodka between the couch pil-

lows, we were excitedly happy.

We began our celebration by jumping from garage roofs, seeing if we would float like Mary Poppins. After dares, and a few drunken threats...we all had our turn. With nothing to show for it more than a scar, or busted up knee. This was fun, but we had to move on.

So walking down Bloor Street around midnight, we came across an ice cream truck. He was parked on the side of the road and open for business. What chaos could we start here you ask. Chaos? No! Just a little harmless fun.

One of the guys from my posse, who was wearing a ripped flag as a dress, approached the ice cream man and asked a stupid question. "Could I dip my hand into the chocolate syrup?" When I heard this, I had to laugh to myself. Because that was the stupidest question I had ever heard.

And of course the guys reaction was "no". No! An obvious answer to that question. But then the ice cream mans gaze shifted to our umbrellas. "Those are nice umbrellas, where did you get them?" he asked with a fraction of saliva forming at the corner of his mouth.

Then came the second offer. The ice cream man was offered the amazing privilege of getting one of those umbrellas FREE. And all he had to do for it was let my friend stick his hand in the chocolate syrup container. The street became silent as we waited for his response, and bam! Out came the syrup container. My friend must've had a great selling voice, because before we knew it his arm was shoulder deep in the chocolate syrup.

We walked away feeling happy for ourselves that evening. I couldn't help but wonder....what else had I been eating in my ice cream all these years? So next time you're licking a chocolate cone one summer day.....remember that is someone's drunken hand you're licking. That's the sad truth, which is the CAUSTIC TRUTH.

TWO OUT OF FOUR

Andrew Taylor

I was never sure if her Dad liked me. I got the sinking feeling that he thought I was just some dirty smelly punk kid with big hair; that his daughter was too good for me. He was at least right about the first part.

Of the four hardest things I've ever had to do in my life, two of them involve her. Moving out of my parents' house and the State of California, having to look at them crying and wondering why, yet being proud of me at the same time, was difficult. Learning how to play new obscure time signatures on the drums, when I've been listening to and playing 4/4 rock 'n' roll beats my whole life, makes me want to die.

I was dragged into it with squealing heels. Sort of. I was having a good summer. I was 17 years old, I was in a good band, I was punk and I was happy. She and I knew each other through mutual friends. She joined our band as the token tall pretty keyboard player. She emerged as the heart and soul of the band, and as my girlfriend, although I knew she was leaving soon to go back to school. We sucked after she left.

The night before she was going back to college and her other life, I was at her house to say goodbye. I'm not sure why, but we decided to stay together and try a long-distance thing. The reality was I would be in California, and she in Rhode Island. That could not logistically work. Yet at the time, staying together seemed like the natural thing to do. Why let an entire continent get in our way? She would still be a couple of telephone poles or a licked stamp away.

Back to the hardest things I've ever done. Get in the car and leave. I wouldn't see her again for months, and I was in love with this girl. We kissed and cried and said goodbye and then I got in the car. When I drove off and was about to turn the corner, I looked back and saw her standing in the middle of the road crying. I don't look back anymore when I leave people. It's easier that way.

Two years later and one year ago, I decide to go visit her in Rhode Island. The plan is to stay there for about 20 days and then go to Saint Louis on my way to Chicago, where I was going to live with my best friend. I ended up in RI for two months. I couldn't help it. I fell in love again.

I keep tossing the word "love" around like it's no big deal. I need to explain some things about myself. I think most people's assessment of my personality would be that I am quiet, shy, unemotional, and indifferent. I get these social traits from my dad. Both of us, often unknowingly, play the indifferent card to our advantage; it keeps us out of emotional debt with people, and keeps phony relationships with people to a minimum. I never really get angry; I brood. There aren't many people I enjoy being around. In short and to tie all this together, there are few people I love with all my heart and can open up to. She was and is one of them.

So, like I said, I fell in love again in Providence Rhode Island. We would walk around in the snow bundled up in furry hats and scarves we had found at thrift stores. We would stay inside and knit and listen to the Ramones. We would stay up all night reading to each other. I kept changing my train tickets, pushing the departure date further and further back and paying a $30 fee each time I did so; but it didn't matter. Nothing really did at all. I had never been east of Chicago before at that point, so everything was brand new and beautiful. We went to New York City and while walking through the snow-covered streets of Manhatten, I told her I loved her, for the first time. And I meant it, and it was perfect. Eventually I had to leave. I had made other promises in other cities and I couldn't bail on them. The morning came and we took a cab to the train sta-

tion. I had bad butterflies in my stomach, the kind where you feel like you're going to puke. Same story. Hardest things. Said our goodbyes, kissed one more time. This time I had no idea when I would see her again. This time I didn't cry...at first.

FEBRUARY 15, 2000 11:20 a.m.

I was on the train out of Providence, I just got on it. I left her there and I have no words.

1:35 p.m.

The train was in New Haven, Connecticut. I ate a kind of gross cheeseburger after I was done crying. The train was pulling away and we were looking at each other through the glass and she said "I love you" and I said "I love you" and then I couldn't see her anymore, the train just kept rolling. And I cried bitter burning tears.

Since I'd already written it down once, I thought I'd just quote my journal rather than try to re-create the scene on paper a second time. The train ride was hell on earth, and even good train music didn't lift my spirits. I looked out at the cold gray winter landscape of eastern Pennsylvania and wondered if I had made a mistake. Reach me at 5321 Roosevelt Way NE Seattle, WA 98105 USA

PURPLE HAIR
by Lynn Hamilton

I always thought being the lead singer in a heavy metal band and dyeing my hair purple would at least save me from that particular affliction besetting some women: being better liked by your boyfriend's parents than you are by your boyfriend.

Before they met me, Tad's mother and father had worried conversations, I know, that went something like this:

"What IS heavy metal?"

"Songs about killing your boyfriend's mother and eating her heart and brain."

"Gladys, don't make a snap judgment about someone we haven't met."

"Why can't he go out with Tricia? Are tattoos a positive requirement?"

"We don't know that she has tattoos."

"God, I just hope he isn't thinking of marriage."

Now, two years after the wedding and five months into a pregnancy would be soon enough for anyone I'm interested in to meet my mother, the junior leaguer who still refers to any loo as "the powder room." But Tad is from this big school of thought where meeting parents is something you do.

He gave me less than ten hours notice that his would be in town.

So I didn't have time to do any of the really big, convincingly scary things: renting an apartment on the lower east side, painting it black, furnishing it with raccoon skeletons, learning to smoke without coughing. I had to go for some quick symbols.

So I thought the most expedient thing would be to drift across Washington Square on my way home from practice and pick up some acid which I could produce at an opportune lull in the conversation and invite them to join me in achieving the sublime through deranged senses.

No, I've never actually dropped it, and I didn't realize it was so hard to get hold of. One of the peddlers in the square wouldn't have anything to do with me.

"Who me, officer?" he said, dripping with false innocence. "Me selldrugs? You must be joking?"

The other two I approached before giving up only had what they said was first class weed. Tad's parents are only in their late forties, and they've probably done more of that than I have.

By this time, it's four o'clock and I'm meeting them here at myHackensack bungalow at eight. So I drop in on Wally's Comics to buy a poster of the grim reaper holding a straight razor and crouched for the kill while I try to think of something else. I share the problem with Wally whose constant irony often makes me want to slap him but might be useful in the present emergency.

"Afraid his parents are going to notice you're really a nice girl from New Jersey?"

"Wally, shut up and think."

"You could go in for body piercing," he said, staring pointedly at my clip-on earrings. Yeah, sometimes my ear lobes ache, but you think I'm going to let somebody drive an ice pick through my ears in a basement somewhere? Please.

Okay. So there was no way I was going to call "Randy Ringer For All Your Piercing Needs" whose business card Wally handed me with that half smile. But I do know a gynecologist named Janet who needs the money because she works for peanuts at the Women's Center on 176th Street.

By the time I got to her office, it was 5:30 and I knew I had to make this pay, so I told her to go straight for the lip.

"Lip rings are a bitch when you're eating nachos," said Janet, not unsympathetically.

"Use an extra anesthetic, would you?" I pleaded. "I'm a desperate woman."

They were waiting on my porch when I got home, so I didn't have a chance to put up the death poster. Tad's father was satisfyingly startled when I came into full view. I saw him take a step backward and swallow that big family-man smile. His wife was subtler, though I saw her make a conscious decision not to look at my lip.

You know something that's always amazed me? The way people fasten onto one thing--it could be something you're wearing or a word you use without thinking--and for them, that's who you are. But it's never the thing you expect, never the thing you've picked out to represent you and hung on yourself like a sign.

They wanted to get inside and get this over with as quickly as possible. Then, next thing I know, Mrs. Hoffman notices the biography of Florence Nightingale on my bookshelf. Never mind that it was sandwiched between the "Kama Sutra" and "Naked Lunch." Turns out she wanted to be a nurse when she was young.

The lip ring just vanished. No, didn't take it off. She just quit seeing it.

Meanwhile Mr. Hoffman went snooping through my kitchen, openly looking for clues which were there, abundantly. It never occurred to me that someone I'd known less than an hour would search through my cupboards and freezer, so I didn't even think to hide the tomatoes I canned last summer or the made-from-scratch banana bread.

Mrs. Hoffman had plopped herself in a stuffed paisley chair in my living room to savor a few paragraphs from Florence's life when her husband came rushing in, holding a jar of tomatoes and beaming.

"My grandmother used to can tomatoes! She used jars just like these."

I lasted in the role of femme fatale for ten minutes after they met me. I know that's why I lost Tad. He heard his mother say, "Oh, she's so nice," once too often.

Now, I hear from him about once every month or two. His mother, on the other hand, writes or calls me every week--often to ask where Tad is. As if I'd have a clue.

Do me a favor. Whatever happens between us, don't give your mother my phone number. Please.

THE REAL TRAMA IS HAPPINESS

by Brian Burch

Since January I have been visiting a man with Alzheimer's, the father of a woman who was intimately woven into my life when in the very late 1970s and early 1980s.

He doesn't remember the rather traumatic (from my perspective) and embarrassing (from AJ's perspective) meeting over Christmas dinner in 1979, when his daughter took the risk of bringing home an anarchist poet to meet her family. What he does seem to remember is that I am now a regular visitor with him, helping him sip a ginger ale and trying to prod his memory of his daughter who is living 100s of miles away.

Since the end of January, I have been regularly having lunch once a month with AJ, a reunion that came about because of a courageous e-mail she sent last August and nurtured along with correspondence, poetry and the occasional phone call. This is a wonderfully joyful and delightful relationship, with all the tensions and wonder that comes about whenever two people, once lovers, find themselves married (not to each other) and middle aged and wanting to run through the streets together laughing out "Long Live Anarchy" and forgetting moments that explain why there was a 17 year gap in the relationship.

I can, perhaps, refer to the publication The Human Rights Omission---a long ago document produced by the then named Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario. In it I'm identified as one of the few, publicly verified cases of employment discrimination based on sexual orientation in Ontario. Obviously, it is hard to maintain a relationship when one of us is honestly and openly not straight (this was long before bisexuality was chic). And, when I first came to Toronto, part of the reason was to explore gender transformation at the Clark. Again, this does not provide a stable background for a male and female to easily maintain a relationship. And, combined with other forms of self- and other- destructive behaviour, I just wasn't easy/safe to be around. A decision to not marry me could not be criticized on rational grounds, even if I never really accepted it.

I can state that I was not pleased at myself for letting our relationship disappear with her (forever, it seemed) to Greece. Our relationship didn't so much end as become captured in time. It was strong and real and wonderful, but just not at a particular moment. By the time I found a balance in my life, she was gone and any chance of a relationship seemed to end. Poems I wrote, that appeared in publications like Well or Green's Magazine, did on occasion indicate a regret on my part for what may have been, but there was somewhat of an acceptance that my present life of contentment and stability would not involve her.

And then the world changed. AJ took the time to track me down via the internet (not hard to do---run my name through a web search and there's about 17,000 hits) after a minor and disorientating response to medication while she was in Toronto. We corresponded, had one brief spell of silence, and then seemed to have managed to find ourselves in what I find is a really odd relationship ---traumatic memories of what I put her through seem to have been resolved as we find ways to adapt to each other in the hear and now.

This adaptation and experimentation is hard. Having to actually talk about boundaries and expressions of feelings is something very hard to actually do---particularly for those like me that that are more physically than verbally communicative. There are aspects of our relationship that are unspoken, but acknowledged, such as sexual attraction, that our current values and life choices do not permit us to respond to fully. This is an underlying tension that helps spark poetry and odd gestures of love that seem to harken back to a more Innocent view of sensuality. But it is phenomenally hard to face and feel and understand at times. I have never felt so delightfully discordant in my life.

And trying to find a safe balance is difficult, indeed frustratingly so. I find a great deal of happiness in once a month, after a joint visit with AJ and her father, in sharing a meal together. I have found a real comfort and sense of healing and forgiveness in visiting AJ's father every week. But the boundaries we have a need to raise between us are real and on occasion I have a strong desire to tear them down. I am made

happy by the simple breaking of the relationship traditions we were brought up with by renewing our relationship, and (to be honest) reflect on the never withdrawn by me marriage proposal, while fearing anything between these two poles.

And in the fear that lies between the two extremes lies trauma. It burns, smelts, purifies and transforms. It is a wound that does not lead to death, but to something other than expectations. Perhaps it is a womb during labour with all the work and blood and potential forcing aside momentarily the reality of new life.

RUDE AWAKENING
by Lauren Cameroun

I wish I could say that there was something about him- I'm not sure what, something I inherently distrusted. But there was nothing, nothing at all. I guess it all started in Philosophy 127. An ethics course, of all things. It was spring semester and I was new, a freshman transfer from the University of Washington in Seattle. I arrived in class that first day ten minutes early, and waited five minutes before the first students began to trickle in.

They came in small clumps, bunched together as they brushed rain off their sweaters and jackets. I sat alone, in the middle of the herd of empty chairs as people greeted each other, milling around the edges of the classroom. I don't think I've ever felt more nervous in my life. The professor made his way through the crowd, and people gradually drifted into their seats as he began writing notes on the chalkboard. I had a brand new notebook full of college-rule paper out, but I didn't get past writing his name at the top of the page. A wooly sweater blocked my view of the board, and I looked up into green eyes. I stared. I've always been a sucker for green eyes, but his were something special- the green was a mossy color I associated with waterfalls and quiet forests, flecked with gold. On the edges, green gradually gave way a nutty color, like shelled walnuts. He had wavy black hair, slick from the drizzle outside and a full face with a square chin, but that first day I couldn't get past his eyes. He smiled at me, the edges of his mouth quirking upward. To my surprise, he reached out and tugged on one of my curls. "You missed one." In my mad dash from my dorm to McAlister building some of my hair had escaped my rubberband. I couldn't think of anything to say, and stared at him. At that moment, the Professor cleared his throat, and Green Eyes sank into the seat beside me. I can't remember anything that happened in class that day, but I was aware of every movement of the guy sitting next to me. When the hour was over, we both stood at the same moment and I stepped backward too fast, tripping on my sneakers. He grabbed me swiftly, and I stammered an apology. I met his gaze and was amazed again by the unwavering green eyes. I left.

I learned his name the following Tueday, from one of my new roommate's friends. Gabriel. I remember how I used to say his name, how smoothly it would run off my tongue- that was Gabriel. He'd insist that people call him 'Gabe' but they never quite did. He was always Gabriel. Gabriel was a sophomore, a Sig, and the most sensitive guy I'd ever met. Several weeks later I was partying at his frat house, and drank a little too much. He poured my beer out on the lawn and took me back to the dorm. I don't remember much of that weekend, but Claire couldn't stop talking about how he carried me into our room and set me down on the bed. I didn't think I'd ever be able to face him again, and I slipped into Philosophy class Monday morning five minutes late with a headache and a terrible hangover. He looked perfectly healthy, and I almost hated him, but he smiled at me after class and offered me a neck rub. He never mentioned that weekend.

Looking back, I can see that we had a largely physical relationship- he was an amazing lover. I wish I could say that tipped me off, but nothing tipped me off. I was head over heels in love. He was nothing like the bumbling guys I dated in high school- in my letters to my best friend in Boston I described him as 'my first man'. By March we were a thing, and though we both still partied it was unusual to see one of us without the other later than nine or ten at night. Claire loved it- because Gabriel had his own room, she got our double to herself most nights. The worst part of that spring were the frequent trips I had to take. Because I was hoping to major in Psychology, I worked at a hospital forty miles away every two weeks. It was a long drive, and most of the time I stayed overnight at the hospital. I hadn't thought I'd be involved with anyone seriously when I made the commitment to the hospital, and decided that next semester I'd quit. Gabriel said nothing about my decision, but listened seriously whenever I wanted to talk.

The last day of school, before he got on the bus he hugged me tightly against him. I could feel tears burning the edges of my eyes, and blinked rapidly. I pressed my nose against his chest and said, "I think I love you." He lifted me in the air and twirled around. "Then stay with me." I drew back, forgetting he was holding me and we nearly toppled over. I stopped laughing abruptly when I felt cool metal sliding over my finger. Gabriel held me close, staring intently at me. I looked down and my eyes were caught by the sparkle of gold on my left hand. It was beautiful, a simple gold band with a small diamond set in the middle. I remember everything about that day - the heat of the pavement seeping through the thin soles of my sandals, the slate blue of the sky, the harsh glare of the bus as it stood waiting to take Gabriel away from me.

I said yes, of course, gazing into his mossy eyes, almost spellbound. I floated through that summer and the following fall, treasuring weekend visits and the quiet intimacy of his frequent

letters and phone calls. Gabriel was perfect. My friends envied me, my parents adored him, and I was blissfully in love.

As his birthday approached, I scraped together the money for a painting of a local artist that he liked. Actually, my parents loaned me most of it. I planned to surprise him, and regretfully told him that I'd be gone on the weekend of his birthday. I stayed over with a friend Friday night, maintaining the illusion that I was gone, and could barely stand waiting through the next day, twisting the ring on my finger. At ten I could wait no longer and hurried across campus holding the painting under my arm. I took the back stairs, bypassing a sig party already in full swing. His door was closed, an indication that he wished to be left alone. I knew that Gabriel would be so excited that I was there - we spent every spare moment we had together, despite his hectic work schedule. I opened the door with a flourish and shouted, "Happy Birthday!"

That night is indelibly burned into my memory - the way he sat up, dislodging one of the candles that was burning beside the bed, and how the soft light reflected off the naked person in bed beside him. I dropped the painting with a crash. He started to say something, my name perhaps, then stopped. The man beside him arched his back and pulled the comforter up to his waist. I could only think of the many nights I'd lain beside him on the same bed, that he'd never lighted candles with me, that I'd never seen him as aroused or as full of life as he was now. I noticed the oddest things that night. How his lips were pink from being kissed, his hair rumpled, a pillow dislodged from the bed onto the hardwood floor. And the painting, the beautiful painting had torn when I dropped it. I ran.

He gave me roses, a 12-pack of red long-stems from Safeway packaged in crisp cellophane that seemed both uncaring and impersonal. I sat on the bed, dangling my legs over the edge. I wish he'd show any sort of strong emotion- but he only looked vaguely regretful. He'd strung me along from the start, knowing that I was attracted to him and played off it. "Are you attracted to me at all?" I burst out. My heart sank as the silence stretched out, becoming a living entity between us. "I like you.", he said lamely. Then the words seemed to burst from him. "I'm not a homosexual.", he said earnestly. "I'm Christian, you know." I stared at the roses and imagined that I could already see them wilting. "It- this was for my parents, you know." he said conversationally. "They really like you, and they want me to be in a committed relationship." "So you're in two.", I said angrily. He ran his fingers through his hair. "No.", he said calmly. I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes, feel the hurt tightening in the pit of my stomach, but could do nothing to stop it. "You used me." I stated, and wiped the tears away. "You used me as a way to placate your rich, right-wing Christian parents- you don't care about me. You had SEX with me just to get me tangled up into your little web!" "Look," he said irritably "I really don't understand why you're complaining about this. I was going to marry you." I started laughing, then choked abruptly. "You would have married me. Thank you, Gabriel, from saving me from my single misery." He stalked out of the room, and out of my life.

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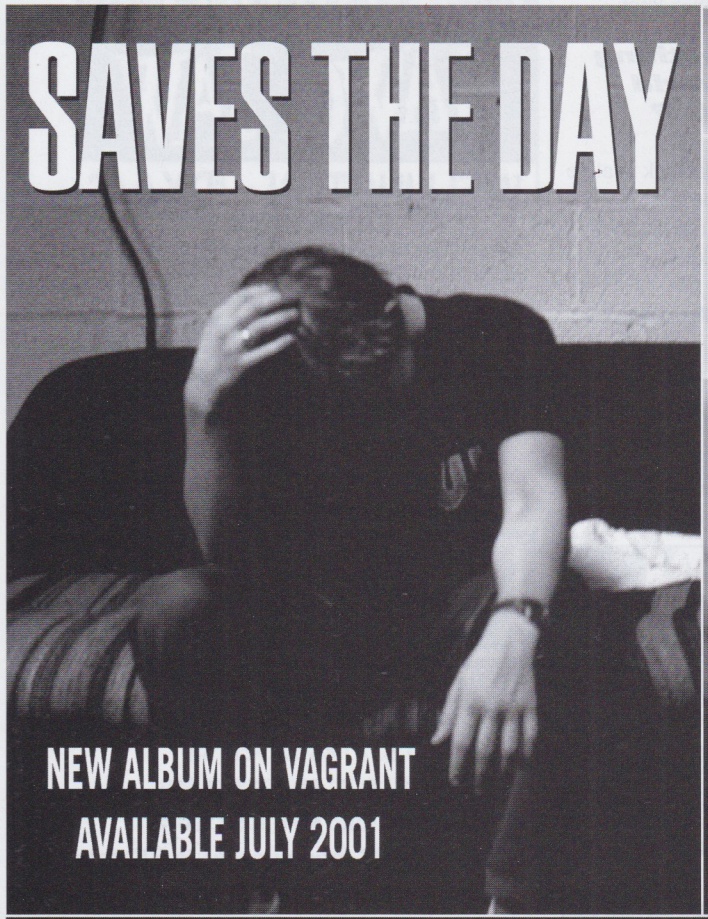

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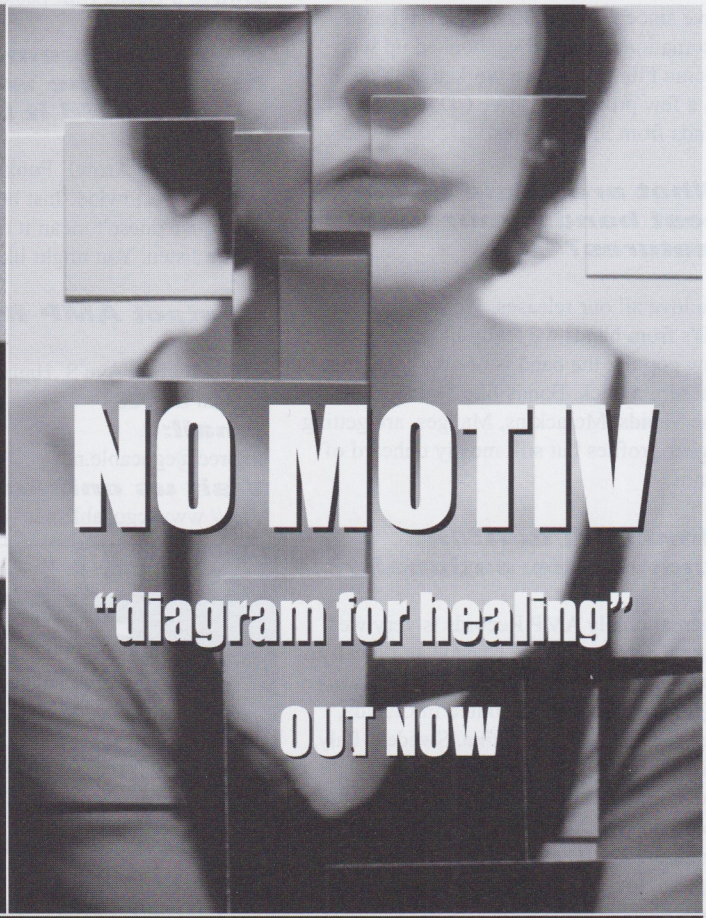

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LABEL MATES

AMP RECORDS

AMP Records is a very small label out of Hamilton, Canada who felt they wanted some promotion. Knowing how Larry felt, we thought it was right to resurrect our "Label Mates" section from many years ago. We have some more label profiles lined up for the next couple of issues. This will give you an idea of what the smaller labels go through. Here is our first. Thanks to Larry Retard for answereing these questions.

How long has your label been around?

AMP Records started in March of 1998. We have since released 33 CD's from bands internationally. In 99 we hooked up with Troma Films and have worked with them on a few projects. A three CD set with 94 bands from 33 countries.

What are some of the best bands your label features?

We love all our releases. We only release CD's from bands we really like. Not by how popular the band is or how quick we can turn a buck. Bands like The Hymans, The Vapids, Mcrackins, Manges, are getting higher profiles but still mostly unheard of bands.

How well is AMP known internationally?

Internationally AMP Records is very well known compared to in Canada and locally. Canadian distributors shun indie labels. Right now we are distributed in Canada, Germany, Brazil, Argentina, Sweden, Italy, Spain, France, UK, Japan and U.S. Only a few of our bands are Canadian. Most of our feedback/fanmail comes from the international market. These music fans are more appreciative of music for what it is, not a top 40 hit.

What is the most frustrating part of running a label?

The biggest frustration in running the label would have to be the North American distribution. The bigger distro will not carry your CD's unless you sell so many units and have well known bands. They want to see sales reports too. Impossible to trade as is the norm in European indie music. There is no way to meet their requirements. Major labels control music licensing/copywriting groups, keeping the cost of growth out of the independent labels reach. With the internet.com age, many online stores get bands to send in their CD's. They say they will sell them but with 3000 titles how can they do a proper job selling anything? The prices of your CD get marked up 50%. AMP has opened an online store, with Troma hosting us. We are able to keep prices down to 8 Bucks U.S. postage paid.

If you had something to say to the world what would it be?

Join the AMP Army! Punk Rock is alive and well worldwide. Just because it's not in English doesn't mean it doesn't rock. Take a listen. You might like it.

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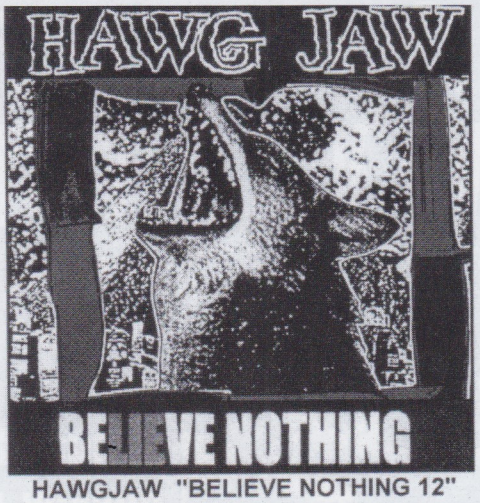

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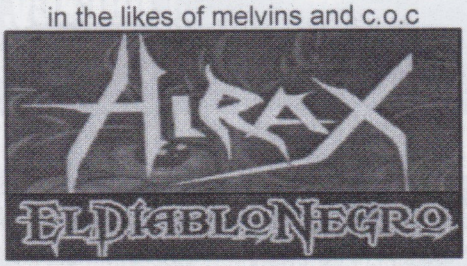

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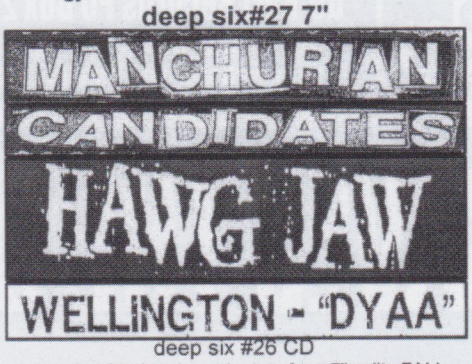

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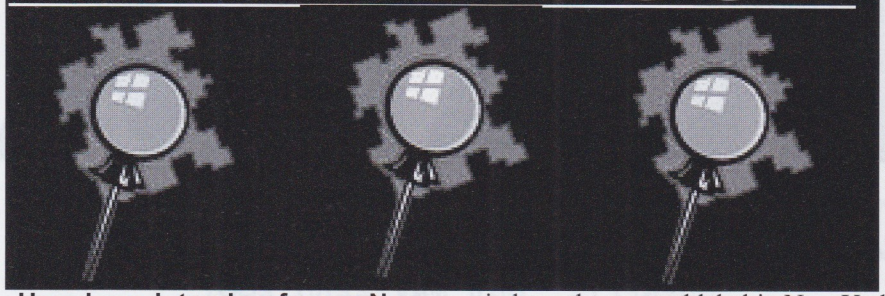
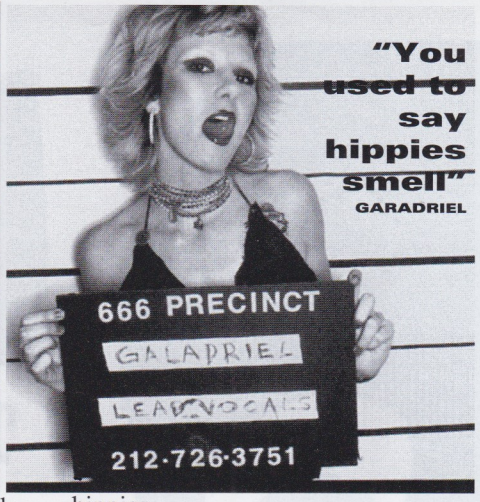




Here is an interview from a New York trio that I think will be out there in some arena within the next few years. How do I know? Just call it intuition. These gals have that pre-Ramones attitude but yet grounded. Much attention has come their way and personally, they deserve it. Forget Josie and Her Pussycats, these gals have slugged it out and know how to play their instruments. So there. Interview was with Garadriel (lead vocals) and Hopey Rock (guitar and vocals) By Richard

What did you think of the show in Toronto (mid April)?

GARADRIEL: We loved it. We saw the video. We recorded it that night. It was really really good.

Are you guys bringing out a new album soon?

G: We are trying to record a new live album. Every time we try to record it, something goes wrong with the soundboard. We have yet to get a deck that is acceptable. So that will be a live picture disc on Outlaw Recordings. By the fall, we hope to be in the studio with a full length this time around.

A lot of labels must be digging you now?

G: Every week we get a lot of requests which is kind of exciting from the middle of nowhere like Michigan or to an independent record label in New York. Every now and then we get an email from a major label A&R. We run the gamut from really small to really major exciting stuff.

Are you doing any small tours like you did last time?

G: Starting at the end of the summer we are going to start on a mini tour schedule.

Which direction are you going in this time?

G: We are gonna take care of the area around New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Upstate New York. We will definitely hit Canada again. Then we hope to head down south and the West Coast this summer.

Any hippie stories?

G: Well I was raised in a hippie household unfortunately. You can tell from my name. My mother was very stoned when I was conceived and born. Hopey hates hippies.
HOPEY: I don't hate hippies.
G: You used to hated hippies.
H: I never did.
G: You used to say hippies smell.
H: Doesn't mean I hate them.

What about groupies? Any differences?

H: Groupies? We love groupies. We make our groupies shower.
G: We wear too much make up for the hippies.

Do you get a lot of old men sending pictures of themselves?

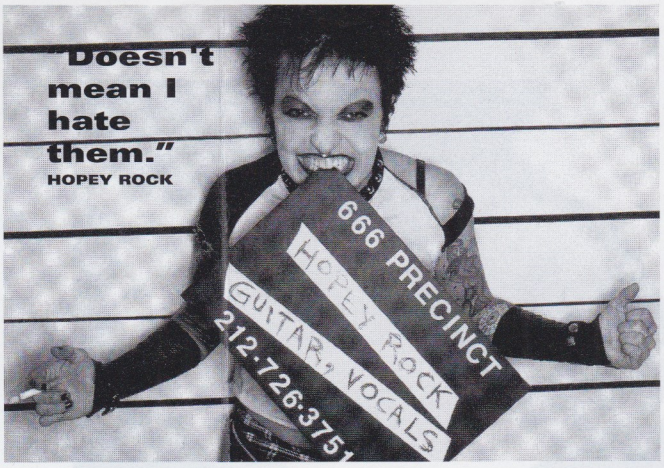
H I think Richard sent that.
G: Well in one particular whom I won't say their name. But unfortunately their name is permanently burned in my brain. We had a 300-pound man with a well praising email to us and then there was an attachment at the end. It had a full nude frontal picture of himself. I, of course, emailed him back for his kind words but I told him not to send anymore nude pictures of himself. He freaked out and he emailed back saying he was expecting more Debbie Harry. He was thinking that full frontal nudity was punk rock. You don't like me because I'm fat. That was where we ended correspondence. It got a little too deep.

Don't you get scared of that sort of thing?

H: I think it is kind of funny.
G: It has kind of happened to us on a really frightening level. If it came to it, we would take whatever measures necessary. At this point, everything is pretty funny. We have extra security. I think it is once bitten twice shy, we have not got bitten yet.

But nothing on shows?

H: Oh. Always but that is our tour manager's problem.
G: Every show definitely delivers some obsessive freak that does or says



something really bizarre. That is where we call our tour manager. From our lifestyles, we don't live a conservative neighborhood. There are freaks around all the time. You are used to dealing with them. If you go to a show and it is a new freak, it is nothing you haven't dealt with in the past. We are definitely freak magnets. If there is a freak in the crowd, they will definitely fall in love with us.

Are you going to write anything about this?

G: Fuck sure. That is very inspirational material.

What sorts of things happen in this male dominated music business?

G: There are lots of little things that would not have happened if it were the Toilet Boys. In the moment reflecting on that, that is where it all comes from. After we have done playing, people couldn't be up more our asses and praising us more. We had to earn their respect. We have to have contracts that we're guaranteed and need. We really have to earn their respect and winning the fans over. Then they respect us. The girl bands always have to work 15 times harder because bottom line is if it is a small club in Toronto or major label A&R, we have played harder to earn their respect. The girls on the radio are R&B like Destiny's Child, who we love, or Jennifer Lopez. The girl that is semi punk is Gwen Stefani, she doesn't get a lot of airplay. You don't hear of her very often on MTV anymore. They think that boy acts sell. Then there are all those bands that sound like Saliva, Disturbed, or Korn but where are all the girl acts getting signed? We are thinking where starting that girl bands rule. Runaways, Debbie Harry, Go Gos. We are so happy the Go Gos put out another album. We're really looking forward coming back and we truly believe that is upon us.

What about Josie and the Pussycats movie?

G: That looks retarded. That night especially, somebody came up to me. What happened was that they picked model-looking girls and taught them how to play those instruments for that movie. Some guy was like that they should have picked you because you guys would be so perfect. I don't know if that it will do anything. The rocker and the model don't go hand in hand.
H: I think that movie is a clue that all girl bands are going to make a huge comeback.
G: There is a little clue on the mainstream level is where the Gap did a commercial where they used really young teenagers. They had a girl one and a boy one. They had all the girls playing their own instruments and singing. In the boy one, they had that Nsync/Backstreet Boy thing where they were dancing faggy choreographed dancers. That is a clue that America is ready for all girl bands again.

Don't you get upset that you are based on a trend as opposed to being genuinely good?

H: You can't get upset by it. YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. We have been doing this for so long. I have been playing my guitar for so long that I have been doing a lot longer than the trend has been. It has been years of experience working towards a goal but as opposed to a trend happening where now I can do it. To me it doesn't matter, the door is just opening up.

Anything missed?

H: Candy Ass rules.
G: To all the girls who want to be in a band, do it and work really hard. You work your ass off and your dreams will absolutely come true.

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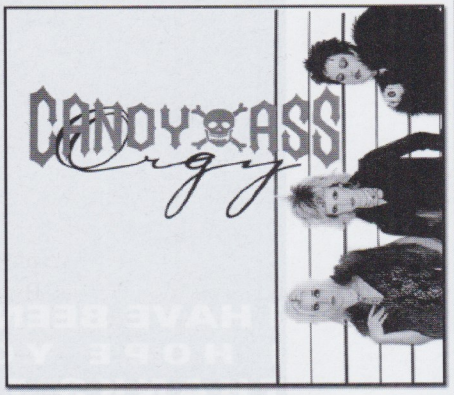

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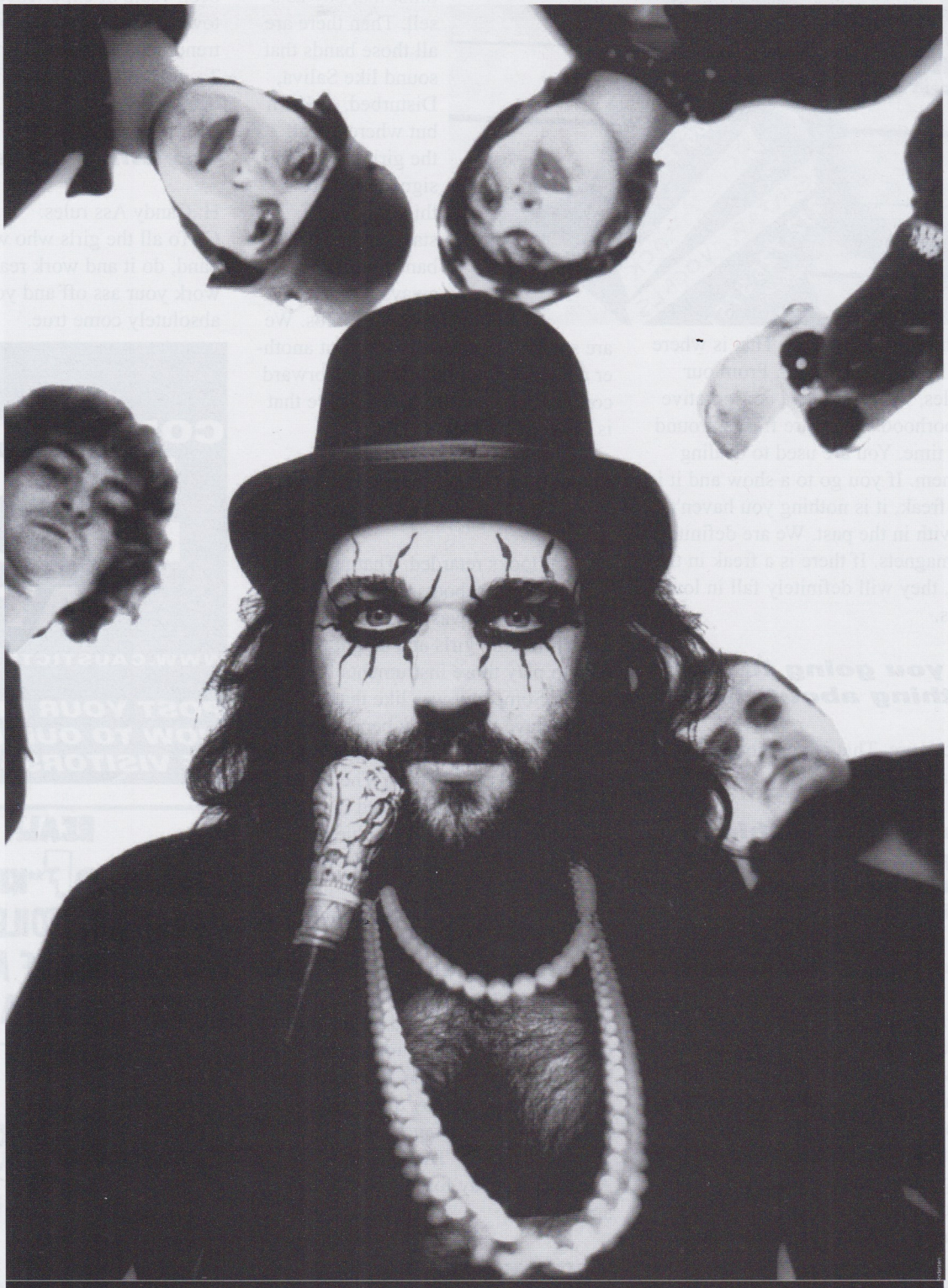
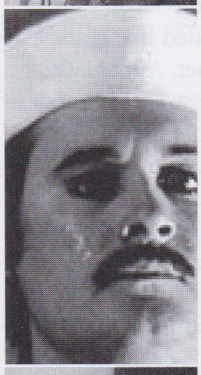


I HAVE BEEN CHASING THIS FOR A # OF YEARS.
I HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS SOMEWHAT.
THANKS TO HAPPY TOM FOR HIS TIME

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
I PRESENT YOU THE ONE, THE ONLY
TURBONEGRO

"Howard Stern is funny. The Ramones should recruit him as their next singer, Howie Ramone," Happy TOM



I am currently listening to Norway's Turbonegro as we speak. Don't know who they are? You're kidding. Turbonegro have become one of the most under-rated bands over the last ten years. Fine, you might not agree but gawd, ask the legions of fans and even reviewers who want their shit. Yeah yeah, whatever,.

After hearing about their breakup in 1998, I felt kind of ripped off due to the fact I would probably never get to see live them. Back in the winter of 1989, only originating member, Happy Tom, took the band to the limits. After their 1990 debut in the USA, they only caused enough shit to make the Sex Pistols look like they were visiting a pet farm. Oops. I shouldn't say that too loud. For example, how would Tom kill Brittany Spears and her Nsync boyfriend? "With my penis, probably. No, I like her to a certain extent, it's too easy to dislike her. She was pretty hot at the Superbowl; I am a 31 year old alpha male. Her producer is a genius, this Swedish ex-metal dude. Her little semi-humanoid boy friend can eat shit," Tom says.

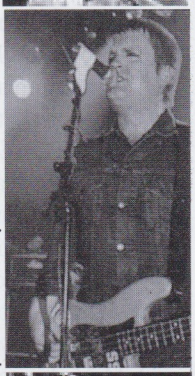
As we keep seeing these so-called shock jocks, there seem to be so many out there which do anything to get noticed. With the exception of Howard Stern, most are just copycats who recycle the same old same old. Turbonegro were different. "I like M. Manson, partly because I think he really irritates a lot of the underground rock elite. He could need some help in the song writing department, though. Howard Stern is funny. The Ramones should recruit him as their next singer, Howie Ramone," Tom claims. There also needs to be an explanation on why Turbonegro got so big. "The homo image helped out a lot. Fags in general have a lot of money, and they gave it to us." Personally, I think that is brilliant as many image consultants would never think of that unless they are doing some L'Oreal commercial.

Continuing on with their constant line-up changes, 1993 became the band's peak as a singer joined, Hank Erik Dyvik Husby. Better known as Hanky, he was a man of professionalism who showed the audience his boogers and the ever-popular ass rocket. We will let you research that one. As with ass rockets and other pyro tricks, nothing really happened but…."Amazingly not, considering the fact that our pyro guy was extremely boozed up 99% of the time. Basically we all got thousands of tiny scars on our backs where the sparks would slip in between the denim and the skin." Hmmm… Denim. Their brand of choice. "Well, I´m probably obliged to answer Levi´s, since they gave us a trillion bucks. My answer is: Levi's." Is this reminiscent of another band from CT #78?

Now as the band has definitely been wound up, you must wonder what the present day members are currently doing in their lives. " Euroboy and Chris Summers are in the Euro Boys, and I have a tiny little side-project called the Oslo Motherfuckers. Hank is in Lofoten, a string of islands way up north. He works at the whaling museum there. Rune works as the Euro Boys´ manager. Pål Pot Pamparius lives in Auckland, New Zealand, where he attends film school, I´m a business developer and analyst," Tom mentions. Excuse me? A business developer and analyst? What advise do you have for Caustic Truths' world dominance plans? "Change your name to Homo Truth, sell a shitload." Works for me!!! Don't let the activists know. Tee hee hee.

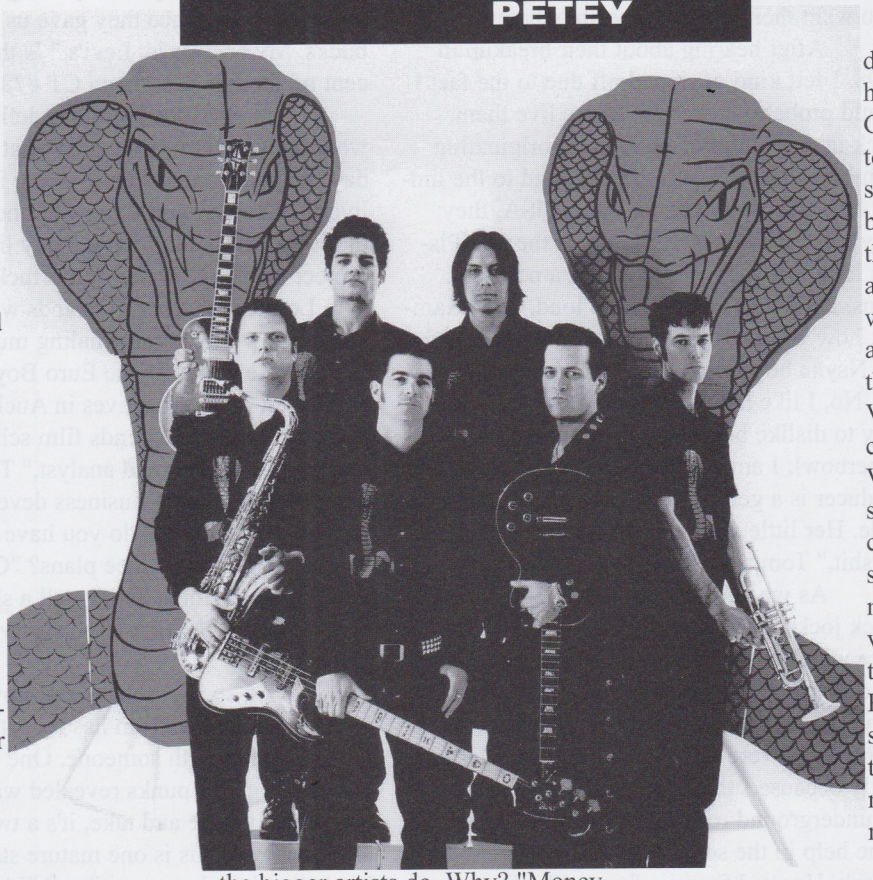
Ah so. Because of our now famous "heartbreak" issue, Tom has recently decided to tie the knot with someone. One useful tip for all the gutter punks revealed was, "Love is a game of give and take, it's a two-way street, baby." This is one mature statement but hell, what about marriage? "It's a two-way street, baby." Yes, deja-vu but since getting married is now trendy I need some advise. For those that don't know about planning a weeding (I mean wedding), you must include the thought of "Keep your older family members OFF the booze at the reception and during the dinner." This is most useful for those that have alcoholic family members. Ah---love!

Is this probably one of the best bands of the 90's? Here is your choice according to Happy Tom: "The way I see it, the youth of North America have two options: Deathpunk or death." The way I see it, if the rumor of Backstreet Boys breaking up is true, this would be the first step to true world peace. I think bands all over the world will still have hope. **BY RICHARD**



ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT

"The comfort level at Vagrant is a lot lower, so it is easier to be comfortable like you say, also they have a much better lobby and video games.." PETEY



One thing that keeps any band going is their determination to continue and persevere. One band that comes to mind is called Rocket From The Crypt. When probably what they thought was their world caving in, being dropped by their major label and losing a long-standing drummer (Atom), RTFC have become a rejuvenated band.

One big reason these guys are a little different is that their recording process was different for their ninth album, "Group Sounds". "We like recorded our instruments and then recorded other instruments all at the same time and then did a whole bunch of vocals. It was awesome. We did the vocals on Elvis' grave at Graceland, almost got arrested by some meddling coppers, but we gave them the slip. Oh yea we recorded most of the music hopped up on cough syrup," bassist and vocalist Petey X claims. Something additionally different was they went to Memphis to mix with infamous Easley Studios with Stuart Sikes. Being from Los Angeles, for sure Memphis was just as nutty. "Yes very crazy and lots of great BBQ. But about the same amount of muggings and drive by shootings." Imagine that.

RTFC are at the point where they build their own studio just many of the bigger artists do. Why? "Money. And the fact that we can make great records on our own." So make sure you keep that intensity within the band because your fans will definitely feel it. Remember these guys have been around since 1988.

Being a more well known band and losing their drummer, Atom's shoes were definitely pretty big to fill. After getting many interests from all over the world including Japan, England, and Sweden, you think they would get somebody pretty well known. Uh-uh. It was a one armed bandit named Mario Rubalcabaw who also known as Ruby Mars. Being in bands like The Oily Seniors, and Blackheart Procession, he was one specialist who could do the job. Alas at 6 AM in the morning one-day, he got the call that he was in.

Going from Interscope to indie label Vagrant sounded like a no-brainer. Apparently, there were a number of asshole industry weasels that approached them but they settled for Vagrant. Why? "The comfort level at Vagrant is a lot lower, so it is easier to be comfortable like you say, also they have a much better lobby and video games, though I think they should get ROBOTRON," Petey said. Is anyone over there listening? They might be able to get as many good bands.

As doing the usual theme, Petey has one misgiving for being in a band. "My dog misses me a lot, can't speak for anyone else though" Petey has no mate. Another tip? The ladies might be listening.

Coming off of an awesome line up of bands including International Noise Conspiracy and The Explosion, Petey sounded quite buzzed about it. "What tour is that? Oh yeah it was great. The International Noise Conspiracy and The Explosion are the greatest. The tour was nothing but fun. Everything seems to be in place for ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT to take over the world." Huh? I thought Turbonegro's Happy Tom was going to help us out on that. Maybe RTFC should get in touch.

BY MIKE DASKOLOVICH

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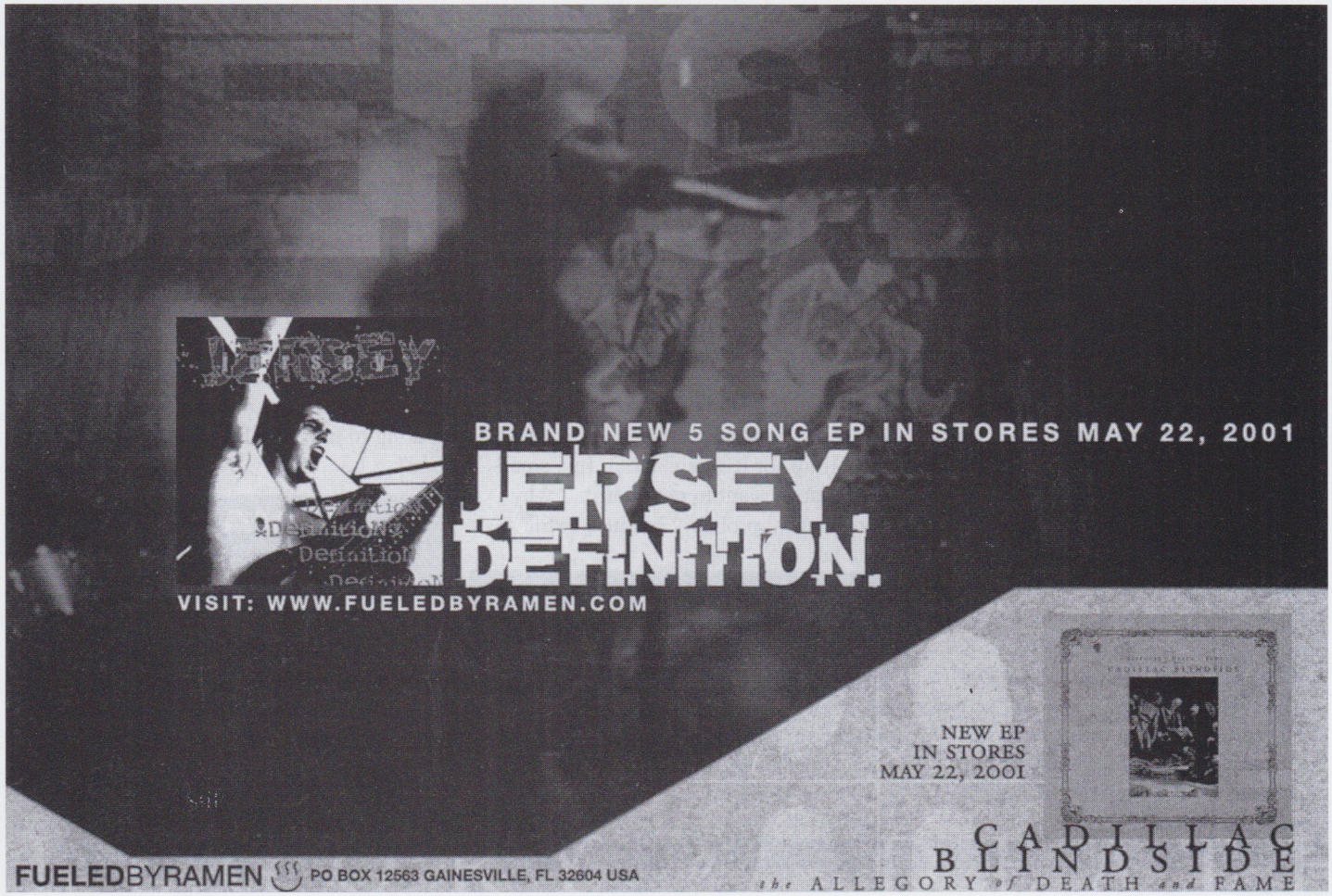

BANDS ARE ONLY HUMAN TO. . . .

Doing a "heartbreak" related theme issue can be inspiring. This time, we managed to get some really cool set of profile bands. We asked a few questions to each band. They included:

1. Have you lost relationships during your time being in a band?
2. Do you write about ex-relationships? What are some of the nastier stuff you write about?
3. Is there any good "hippie" stories you can tell? Were they disappointed or were you disappointed in them?
4. Does the fallacy of the movie "Almost Famous" really exist?
5. What is the future of your band? i.e. tours, albums.
6. Anything else to say regarding heartbreaks?

Check it out all the band responses at our site at *www.caustictruths.com.*

CADILLAC BLINDSIDE
Zachary

1. Yeah...actually I just did recently...I had been with the same girl for almost 3 years...we were talking about getting married in the coming fall...but of coarse...being on tour all the time finally caught up and she couldn't take it...so she decided to cheat on me with a friend of mine 3 days before I returned from tour...worse part of it...it was Valentines Day when we returned....3 years gone..

2. Yeah I write about them a lot actually...like on our first record "Read the Book, Seen the Movie"...songs like "Did You Get All That" is about the need for revenge and the way getting fucked over will keep you up night after night with visuals you can't get out of your head.... and "This Ones on Me" is about the always popular "but I was drunk" excuse people use after they cheat on their significant others....I hate that one the most

3. Hippies.....hmmmm...well once we met a guy outside a show in Denver.... he had a big flower painted VW van with big pot leafs on it...dreadlocks of coarse.... and talk about a stinky dood... anyways...he saw our van and started asking about the band...and said he had a lil band of his own...(of coarse he did)...anyways...he said to email him next time we were coming through town…and what's funny is we never forgot it...that's not a very good story...but we try to stay away from hippies....

4. Never saw it....(I can't afford go to OUT to the movies)

5. Well we just released our new EP "The Allegory of Death and Fame" on Fueled by Ramen Records...and our first record "Read the Book, Seen the Movie" has only been out about 9 months...so we aren't planning on doing any more records for a bit...as far as touring...HAHAHAHA....hell we LIVE on the road...we've been out pretty constant since Jan..and don't plan on stopping any time soon.... in fact we're all homeless now...we all moved our things back to our parents houses just so we could tour non-stop...so come out and get drunk with us..

6. Well...all I can say about heartbreaks is that I'm still trying to get over one... and the worst part about it is...1. I know it'll happen again 2. I know I'll set myself up for it again..and 3. In a small way. I don't want to get over it.... why I don't know...probably because I still love her

TWO MAN ADVANTAGE
Drunk Bastard

1. Yes I've lost everything . The only thing I have left is a Youth of Today 7" and a hockey stick.

2. We don't write about broken hearts we write about breaking sticks over each others heads. Nastiest stuff we write about is the Islanders power play and whiskey

3. Hippie stories? You mean like get stoned in the woods and fuck trees? If that's what you mean then yeah I've done that and I'm still not disappointed except for the splinters.

4. Only movie I watch is Slapshot. OK I've seen Mystery Alaska but it sucked cause the Rangers won.

5. Tour, rock, drink, skate, tour, rock, drink, skate.....In any order Full US tour this summer

6. Yeah my heart's broken every season. Once I admit to myself that the NY Islanders will not make the playoffs I fall into deep depression. I find my self on the rebound right around the playoffs. I start looking at other teams thinking to my self "Damn they look good"....

AVAIL
Beau

1. Yeah quite a few. The whole life on the road thing is hard on people. And it has nothing to do with cheating or anything like that. It's more of a being apart so much thing

2. No I don't

3. Hippie stories? I don't know any hippie sorry

4. I don't know I have haven't seen that movie maybe. That's what I'll do tonight. I'll watch that movie

5. We're going to tour then write a record then tour then write a record...and so on and so on

6. They suck?

HOPELIFTER
Ryan Henry

1. Lost relationships with bandmates or girls? In Hopelifter I had no girlfriend at all for the duration of that band. I've lost girls in previous bands, but never really through fault of the band... I've lost friends through bands who were bandmates, but we always got over the bullshit quickly. That's why they're friends.

2. In Hopelifter I think Andrew wrote a bit about relationships. My new rule is no love songs whatsoever. In Triple A I had a couple good ones; one about a girl who I didn't want to be my girlfriend anymore, and one about a girl who tasted like Cotton Candy. Very Bouncing Souls-esque. As for the nasty, another Sonora band known as the Belligerents had a song called "Uptown Slut" which was about this one girl who did these certain things to punk rock boys...

3. Hopelifter played at a hippie commune in Pensacola FL. It was the best night ever. Lots of hippie girls dancing in fast forward while we played. They were stoked, I was stoked. Hippie girls are the best. Smells great.

4. I've never seen that movie but on the cover of the Rolling Stone that girl in the movie had a belt buckle with a big pot leaf on it. So she's probably rad.

5. Stay tuned. Buy Hopelifter records at RevHQ.com or Sessions.com. E-mail us (hopelifter@angelfire.com) for the skinny.

6. Follow the 49/51 rule to avoid heartbreak. Listen to the Big Boy's song "No Love" for further inspiration. The hills have eyes.

J CHRURCH
Lance

CADILLAC BLINDSIDE

1. If you're in a band and you're committed to the idea of being in a band, you soon find yourself in a pathological state. You tour a lot. You spend a lot of time working on material. If you care, you spend a lot of time on art and an equal amount of time on the biz.

Sure, there are some people who just want a boring significant other with no real dreams or aspirations. Someone who will quietly stand behind whatever their boyfriend or girlfriend does and live vicariously through that.

But I think most of us can't take that kind of mundane life and therefore find ourselves in relationships with people who have their own dreams and ambitions. Needless to say, that doesn't usually run parallel to the band life. So, long term relationships are one in a million.

I've lost a lot of relationships due to the band. I'm really lucky to have something good going on right now. But that's mostly because I'm older now and more willing to make sacrifices in order to have a more serious relationship.

2. I used to write a lot about ex-relationships. But I don't feel like I'm harping on them anymore. I just find them to be interesting character sketches. I write about other people's relationships as well. I just find it good story telling. Sort of like Raymond Carver... but a lot less clever.

I try not too over-romanticizing any situation and I now go out of my way to be honest and unflinching. I don't want to look like the good guy because half the time I'm not. Here's one of my favorite lyrics I wrote:

"I Reach For Her Hand"It's Saturday night and it starts with a fight A fifth of gin and a bag of ice I know she is angry, she has every right "You fucking motherfucker" a thousand times "Did you fuck her in this room?" But I'm out of words. I am empty. I reach for her hand but it's no good This is awful. It's sickening.

3. There are hippies and then there are hippies. I don't know. I see hippies today and they're just kids. They're just stoned Dead fans. New age crap filtered through ultimately middle class values.

But in the '60s, the hippies had real radical elements. I'm a big believer in the bomb throwing, revolutionary, anti-Vietnam War, hippies. There would be no anarcho punk like Crass or Conflict if there weren't the radical hippies of the '60s.

4. What I loved about that movie is how it points out the illusion of it all. Rock stars can be just as shallow and retarded as the lowest of the low. In fact, they're often worse because they have egos out of control. You get enticed by the band and their big shows

and the groupies and all the bullshit. But ultimately, the truth comes from the Lester Bangs character. Fuck the rock stars. They are not your friends. Very, very true... And, yeah, I don't think that "beautiful" people have the same problems. They never have to question themselves. They never have to analyze the very concept of what is "good looking". They don't deal with the same questions and inner turmoil as the rest of us. So, yeah, I don't think they make as good art. They don't have the wisdom because they've never needed it.

5. Well, we start work on the new album at some point. There's no real hurry. We've got a new singles collection coming out this year called "Meaty, Beaty, Shitty Sounding". So there's no rush to get the new Honest Don's album out. We may be doing some dates with Citizen Fish and we may make another trip to England soon. But nothing confirmed as of yet. We just got off of the tour with Propagandhi, Avail and Fabulous Disaster, so we're in no rush...

6. Life goes on. Heartbreak is initially devestating. But nine times out of ten, you're better off on your own.

TEMPLARS
Philthy Templar

1. Nope not at all... at times it may stress a relationship, at one time while away gigging an ex-girlfriend had a death in the family. Kinda dampers things when you're away when someone needs you for something like that.

2. Nope not really, we have one song that is kinda dedicated to all types of shit talkers, that kinda includes ex-girlfriends, called "enemies"... shit-talkers/unfaithful cunts are generally considered enemies... also a couple of other lil ditties reflect past experiences with 1 or 2 members in the band.

3. In the early 90's when we played more often and there were shows every fucking day in NY, at ska shows hippies/student poser types would generally be targets for our abuse whether verbal or physical... that type of action though is one of the reasons why some of the more popular bands in NY aren't allowed to play much in their hometown.

4. Never saw it so no comment... if it doesn't involve horror/violence or nudity I generally ignore those movies unless it's a strong recommendation.

5. Play for our true fans until no longer able... we don't tour because that kinda takes the flavor out of it... everyone tours, and we've done just fine by not doing that... loads of shit coming out that's for sure... recorded at Acre and at Bakos Ampworks in Atlanta... stay tuned

6. Nope not really, except they suck and they generally harden one's emotions toward the opposite gender, depending on the circustance of course... anyway, if you treat your opposite the way you'd like to be treated then hopefully heartbreaks won't be a common occurrence in one's life.

Correspondance/merchandise available from this address...
Templars, PO Box 602, Bayshore, NY 11706-0660
templecombe@hotmail.com for those who are anti-snail mail

NO USE FOR A NAME
Tony

1. Nope, I've been with the same person for a long time.

2. No, more like other people's ex-relationships. There is one that's pretty nasty and immature, called "Permanent Rust"...

3. Well, I was at "Reggae On The River" once, and I dropped acid. Then I was chasing down a frisbee and I ran right into an oncoming truck.... I had a lump under my eye the size of a golf ball and the bone on my shin was exposed....I was disappointed in myself. I don't think the hippies cared. Hippies are very violent.

4. I don't know...I always feel that way, you know, little fame, no fortune...but we stay together because we love music. Does that fallacy exist? Sort of.

5. Tours and albums.

6. Nope. I hope you don't think I'm a jerk for saying "nope

AMERICAN NIGHTMARE
Wes

1. Not really. Sometimes you get real busy and caught up in doing things that involves your band to spend a lot of time with good friends you used to sit around with everyday before your band, and sometimes your friends don't really understand that. It does take up a lot of time between shows and doing things outside of shows.

2. Sure, who doesn't? I think every band/artist ever has dealt with ex-relationships between friends and loves. I don't write about anything 'nasty.' I like cleanliness. I'm not writing about like, boils and herpes and scabies....

3. Sure. I was chilling in Burlington Vermont with this kid Tyler White, you know, and we were just trying to do the Vermont thing. Ben and Jerrys, I think I was getting a B and J t-shirt for Time-bomb actually that said "I'm With The Chunky Monkey" on it. We were Birkenstocking around, and these serious hackers came onto our turf, invited us to a totally groovy shindig. We rolled there, And I mean rolled (wink wink) but I guess all in all I wasn't too disappointed in them. You know, people should do their own thing I guess. Like Jaxunk or Azy. That 70's Show. Standhard was never a hippie but used to be a naturalist. The ZEN type.

4. I had the Jason Lee Burger king rip-off deck in 7th grade.

5. Our LP comes out Jun 12. It is on Equal Vision. Its called "Background Music". Enough about us, check out Panic and Carry On. www.americannightmare.net

6. I haven't said anything so far regarding heartbreaks. I don't know, they are a good time I guess. Its a good excuse to do fucked up things that you normally couldn't get away with but people just accept you as being 'heart-broken' and hey, any excuse is a good excuse. "It's all about, living with like, no rules, man."-AP

THE STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS
Frank Meter

1. No. I have always kept them together but certainly being on the road adds a lot of stress to a relationship. Pretty much the only fight I ever had with girls were about me being in a band and being on the road.

2. A lot of our tunes are about chicks that have fucked us over, abused us or treated us like shit: "Petty Little Girl," "Shawn", "None of your Business", "Freak Out Man", "Thought That Crosses My Mind", "Little Tokyo", "Automatic", "Why Your Got Come First", and the list goes on...It's not that we don't get along with girls or have ones that we love and respect, it's just that it's more fun to write about the bitches.

3. We played in Woodstock, NY, a very hippie little town outside of the city.. We were on this fuck and soul festival bill called Nutstalk with Trulio Disgracies, Fishbone, Blowfly, The Skeletones, Weapon of Choice, Thelonious Monster, and other L.A. legends. This guy from P Fuck showed up with this honey that was laced with schrooms and he and his wife dolled it out to every member of every band and the crews and we all tripped all night long. Every band played while tripping and everyone stayed high until sunrise. I remember watching the sunrise with Dix Denny from The Weirdos and Keith Morris from the Circle Jerks. It was very surreal.

4. I fuckin' hated that movie. I love classic rock and all but that movie was such a bullshit Hollywood fantasy version of '70s rock. If that really existed than everyone involved deserves to die. That movie is a fallacy.

5. We just released a new album called Waiting For The Death of My

Generation on Triple X Records and did a 5 week nationwide tour. We also did recent dates with Supersuckers, B Movie Rats, Zeke and Hog molly (Tad's new band). Next we do more Supersuckers dates and a tour up to Canada with the B Movie Rats. Then onto Europe! After all that we'll start on a new album. In the meantime, we also have two 7" singles coming out on Junk Records.

6. For the guys: Just stay away from crazy girls, they'll get ya everytime. Rock chicks and groupies are fun to hang out with, but try to find a nice girl who likes you for you, not your band or your scene. For the girl: Stay away from guys, they are all jerks. Become a lesbian.

SCARED OF CHAKA
Dave

1. Oh yeah...a few. there's something odd about the dynamic of being in a touring band and meeting girls through touring. Successful relationships with musicians are extremely rare. It's a case of both parties not being able to have their cake and eat it too. On one hand the reckless romantic rock guy idea is something that both want to embrace, but it's this same thing that kills the love. It's weird.

2. I end up writing a lot of "stalker" songs in the first person, which is weird cause I've never had the serious inclination to stalk anybody-I guess I've never been "in love" with anybody enough (hahaha). I just wrote a song about an ex-relationship, but it was more of a coming-to-terms thing.

3. What's red and looks good on hippies? Fire.

4. Fallacy? I'm not sure what that means. Um...I loved the movie, though. mostly for the quiet parts...driving down the highway...Zeppelin on the radio.

5. New record "Crossing With Switchblades" out on Hopeless Records . Jume 26th-touring to follow.

6. Without them life is meaningless.

SLACKERS
Dave Hillyard

1. Relationship girls love guys in bands but hate actually dating them. Unless, I suppose they are rich. But for the most part we are working slobs who

can barely afford to do anything and are busy on weekends. Not too much fun.

2. Ex-relationships sure. I had a girl try to choke me once, but I haven't got around to writing about it.

3. I got to watch one of my band members crawl around on all fours in Holland and state, "now I know why hippies grow their hair!!" Wish I had what he had.

4. Almost famous I'm not sure exactly what you mean? I haven't seen a lot of movies recently.

5. The band my band, the Slackers, is touring to support its most recent record wasted days out on Hellcat Records. My short term future plan is to get some sleep when my 3 months of touring are over.

6. Yeah, women can make you feel like dirt.

DEAD END KIDS
Generic

1. Yeah sure, I run off as many ass-holes as I can. The true test is time. Only the true remain, insincerity is a time bomb tempting to explode, which almost always happen. More importantly are the relationships that have been found. This is the very best time for Dead End Kids, I am fortunate to be in a band with the talents of Jeremy Pleasure, Spat the Irish Penguin, and Timmy Toon. My favorite musicians and people!!! If any of them bastards wanted to leave the band, it would be the same manner one would leave the Mob, COSA NOSTRA!!

2. I write what I know about. I wouldn't consider my songs to be "relationship" songs, however it is all-relative. Dead End Kids can be quite ambiguous lyrically, and not with out a sense of humor. The lyrics usually mean many things to many people and many things to me at many times. I suppose the nastier of the songs would be Just Tired (notice the the initials is that of our ex-drummer)

3. "I might beat up the next hippie I see, I might even beat up you" .....Stiv Bators.

4. Have not seen the movie.

5. We are doing a couple of shows on Skanking After The Chaos tour this summer. We are very excited by our new label FUG Records. They give us complete freedom, musically and artistically and put out a superior product. We have a CD EP coming out any day now called "Still Dead" and we are recording a full-length CD for FUG called "Slowly As The Fever Burns" We are all very excited!!! It should be or best to date.

6. You know, a heart 's not a heart until it has been broken. I have been playing punk rock for over twenty years. Can't say things have always gone my way, but I am still here still playing, writing, and recording, so I feel pretty damned fortunate

BEERZONE
Iain

1. Yes, I lost my girlfriend of 7 years, The guitarist lost his girlfriend of 3 years and his job, the original bass player was told to quit the band by his girl or he was out and so did his employer, he did as he could not cut life on the road. Great guy but no good at the rock-'n'roll life at all. Our drummer lost the mother of his son and numerous jobs to go on the tours, now he is the original f#### rock'n'roll animal in every sense of the word.

2. Our guitarist came back from a rehearsal to find a message on his answer-machine. It went like this..."I have had enough of you and your f##### band, I cannot stand it one minute more, you are dumped!!!" We all laughed our heads off(apart from the guitarist) and I wrote the song "Have you ever been chucked on the Answerphone". It is very popular and appeared on our second cd single.

3. The only hippie thing that happens to us is that the original singer in Juicy Lucy(big rock band in the 70's, roommates of Jimmy Page, top of the charts both sides of the Atlantic) comes along to a lot of our shows and tries constantly to be given a ten minute slot in the middle of our show.We let him once but never again, as around half of the audience thought we had finished and left in droves so when we re-appeared it was nearly empty!!

4. Without a doubt. One minute everyone seems to know you then you meet lots of people who have never heard of you at all. That is cool because you have to keep your feet firmly on the ground when you are getting praise as the truth is you can always do better no matter whom you are and you can never take an audience for granted no matter how many people you are playing to as you never know who is in the audience.

5. 4th US tour from 5/17 until 6/9 (25 nights without a break), second album out 5/29 on Cyclone Records, NH which is called "Strangle all the Boy-bands". The band have toured twice with the Dropkick Murphys since late 1999 and have been lucky enough to play on the same bill as Suicidal Tendencies, H20, Agnostic Front and a host of other great North American bands during the 21 weeks we have toured in the past year or so. Playing Holidays in the Sun Festival for 3rd time 6-8 June 2001 to celebrate 25 years of punk along with 100 other bands including Stiff Little Fingers, Damned, Exploited, Sham 69 to name a few.

6. The only heartbreak for us being based in the UK is the price we pay for-draught. It is about 3/4 times more than over your way. Check us out at www.beerzone.net and if you like what you see you can get the album at www.cyclonerecords.com

FIELDS OF FIRE
Ben Edge

1. I have been dumped by two girls since the band started. I lost my virginity to the first one about a week before

we recorded our 7". The other one dumped me about a month ago. I hope I correctly understood the question. I'm not saying this to get sympathy or to try to come off like Saves the Day, because that boy-band bullshit is wack. All these pseudo-emo pop-punk bands nowadays do nothing but write lyrics about how they are ugly and no one likes them, while they are selling millions of records and every chick on the makeoutclub.com wants to do them.

FIELDS OF FIRE

2. We have one song about ex-relationships called "Myself Back," which is about how I can't keep a companion for very long, so it must be me who is doing something wrong. Other than that, our lyrics are about how we love skateboarding, hate the cops, love punk rock, hate "free trade", and love punk rock music, among other things. Our nastiest song is called "Cookie Cutter," and its about people, particularly hardcore kids, who do anything and everything to fit in. What the fuck? I thought punk rock was about being yourself, not some clone. Why not just be a normal person and watch MTV if you want to fit in so bad?

3. I don't really understand the question. If you are referring to the fact that I used to have long hair, I cut it off almost a year ago. If you want to know what I think about hippies, I think they have decent politics (they are very left wing like myself), and poor hygene. I think many of them are abusers of pot, and can rave about how evil alcohol is for days, but never face the fact that they are addicted to another substance. Their argument is that pot is less harmful than alcohol. That argument works if you are making a case for the legalization of cannibus (which I agree with), but doesn't work if you are trying to say that smoking pot is okay. Its just as absurd as saying that snorting Ajax is less harmful than drinking gasoline. Maybe so, but you didn't give me a good reason to snort Ajax.

4. I don't know what the fallacy of "Almost Famous" is really, but I thought it was a decent movie. I was actually an extra in it. This was in the summer of '99 when I had really long hair. The scene I was featured in was cut out of the movie, but I was in the front row in the scene where the guitarist gets electrocuted. I think the movie should have been gnarlier. I wanted to see the darker side of rock stardom. I mean, Led Zeppelin (of which the band Stillwater is loosely based on) one time fucked a bunch of groupies with dead mudsharks. That's some sick shit. Cameron Crowe should have shown the ugliness of that lifestyle in more graphic detail.

5. We have a new 15 song CD called "Keep It Alive" coming out on Phyte Records in May or June 2001. That can be ordered through Ebullition Distribution. We are touring the U.S. in July and August 2001, and we have a website: www.geocities.com/fieldsxofxfire

6. Once again, I don't like to dwell on this point, because I think most people just talk about this kind of stuff to get sympathy from girls, in order to get laid. Our drummer Graham is going through a lot of serious shit right now regarding hearbreaks. Anyone reading this, e-mail him and tell him to cheer up: burritologic@aol.com

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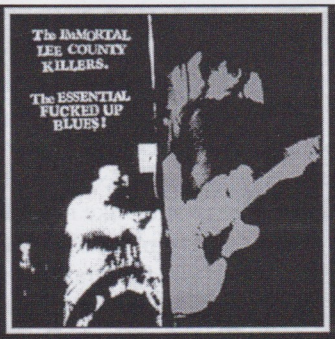

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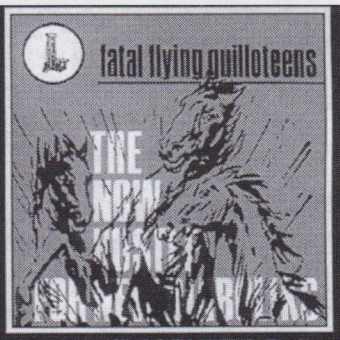

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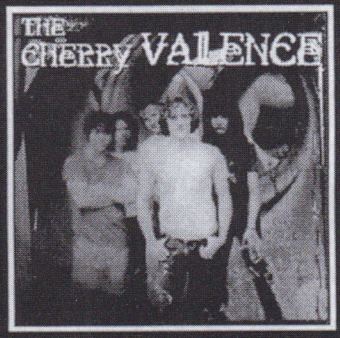

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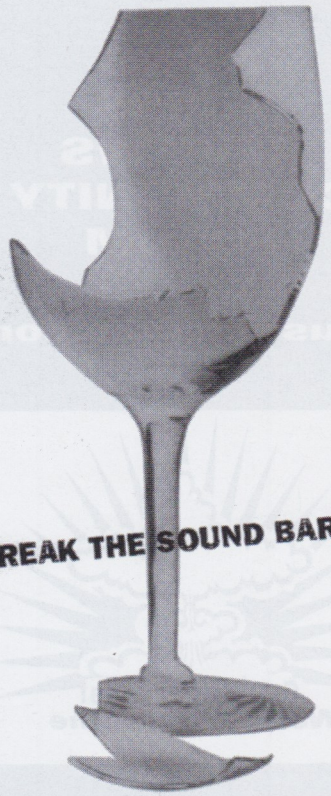

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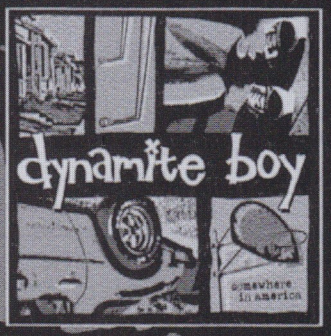
somewhere in america



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Vinyl Views

A GLOBAL THREAT Until We Die (GMM Records) This record seems to find its legs only by the time it's over. After a couple of listens, though, A Global Threat seems to grow on you rather nicely. The 14-songs clock in around 30 minutes, so there aren't any grand epics here. What is here are a bunch of tight 90 second diatribes about racists and the band's loathing towards them, with "Fucking Racist Maggots" a good example. While the album is around an average output, there are no tunes that'll stay in your head. Jason MacNeil **!!!**

ACID KING/THE MYSTICK CREWE OF CLEARLIGHT Free (Mordam Records) A pretty decent take at "stoner" rock by Acid King on this two group EP, particularly on the lead instrumental track. Whether they've been listening to Queens Of The Stone Age or early Pink Floyd albums for inspiration is anyone's guess, but the vibe and monotonous playing of Guy Pinhas and Lori S. certainly leave little doubt they know this genre inside out. Even their last number, "Four Minutes" (actually, it's more like eight minutes), only adds to the creepy, murky musical bog they've made for themselves around their Texas stomping grounds. While Acid King makes the most of their time, The Mystickal Crewe of Clearlight try to be everything horrid that engulfed '70s Southern Rock. A potpourri of bad Skynrd and Allmann Brothers riffs, the music is bland at best. The only thing "stoner" about this is they unfortunately don't know when to stop playing. A possible substitute for such music would be any Live album since the songs are shorter and, incredibly, less painful.Jason MacNeil Acid King **!!!!** Clearlight **!**

THE ACTION TIME Versus The World (Southern) A bit of a mod-meets New York artsie band, The Action Time have some fun, upbeat songs, but they are quickly destroyed with unnecessary bouts of distortion and nonsense. Still, some songs are left alone and they come off with a '60's pop sound that is accented by female vocals giving the whole thing a punk rock B-52's feel. This is the stuff that goes great at crowded parties, but just annoys you when you're chillin'. Keith Carman **!!!**

ALL OR NOTHING Sacrifice, Discipline, Bliss (On The Rag) Wow, this lady can sing. Sometimes it was kinda hard to tell that was even a dame!14 songs that clock in around 20 minutes. If you know 2-Pump Louie, you pretty much know All Or Nothing. Speedy, quick-time punk with a wailing lead vocalist. Straight ahead, they go for the balls, or right between the eyes. It's street punk with some talent. Keith Carman**!!!.5**

ALL SYSTEMS GO! I'll Be Your Radio (Bad Taste) An EP can be a strange thing. It can either be more than enough to tell you that you friggin' hate a band, or it is a frustrating taste of what is out there. This four-songer by ASG! is certainly the latter, as each upbeat tune shows just how powerful this band can be. Mid-tempo rockers that feed off of infectious melodies, subtle harmonies and a band that's tighter than Cathy Lee Gifford's anus. Oh, what a thought, huh? This band knows how to make ear candy, and they're taking it places. Damn fine songwriting, killer production and talent up the wazoo. Keith Carman **!!!!**

ANTIFREEZE Four Letter Words (Kung Fu Records) There seems to be an endless supply of acne-riddled, angst-ridden teenage boys professing their hardships with girls, backstage trysts and other band related tribulations. Added to this group is Antifreeze, although they seem to have some strong support behind them, namely The Ataris and The Vandals. The Wisconsin band's first effort, Four Letter Words (and produced by The Ataris Kris Roe), is a promising debut despite some obvious fillers. According to the band's web site, their first concert was a school dance, which exemplifies the lead off track, "Is He Your Boyfriend", which sways from basic punk chords into a more laid-back, almost waltzy feel. "Slow" follows this prom feeling blueprint with its use of cellos. Singers Jon Hietpas and Tim Crowley share vocal duties, but tracks like "Question..." and "Ordinary" seem, well, ordinary at best and too formulaic. The standout tracks of "Sorry From Your Friend" and "Fell On Deaf Ears" are strong, with Derek Rice's backbeat holding it all together. The name dropping of Motley Crue and Backstreet Boys on the appropriately dubbed "Our Band" wears a tad thin. Jason MacNeil **!!!**

ASSFORT VS. CHAOS UK The Dangerous Study (Vinyl Japan) Well what can I tell you. Crap. Side A., pure unadulterated crap! Noise of the worst kind. Irritating shit to be sure. My head ached listening to this shit. Side B., however was a very nice surprise indeed. Well done. Well played, well sung with a splash of rock a billy to boot. Made me wanna get up and dance. There's hope for them yet. Or, is there? Paula **!!**

ASSAILANTS Modern Technology (Upstart Productions) These guys sound like a mix between Agnostic Front's edge and power and Bad Religion-esqe speed. Obviously dudes that think gutter punk is the way to be. At least they do it well, coming off a little tamer than say, Cryptic Slaughter (look 'em up, kiddies), but with the same quick tempos and driven energy. A great recording given that they are obviously limited when it comes to funds. While one won't find that the Assailants are anything extraordinarily new, they will certainly appeal to anyone with a penchant for adrenaline rushes and anger. Keith Carman **!!!!.5**

ATARIS End is Forever (Kung Fu) The Ataris are to punk rock what the Backstreet Boys are to pop music. "End is Forever" is an album full of punk songs about love and lost. The songs are poppy and will no doubt make any punk rock girl swoon. Fern **!!!!**

BAD ASTRONAUT Acrophobe (Honest Dons) Well, this is the singer from Lagwagon, and some other guys. I bet this will suck. Wait, what's this? Well holy crap, they use a piano and a keyboard in some songs! My goodness, that isn,t punk rock! But it,s pretty decent. They're gonna be big with the Warped Tour crowd, but I think they warrant some attention from smarter folks too. Poppy, but not lame in that New Found Glory way. I say why not? Andrew Wallace **!!!**

BIG, BIG, FURNACE Self-Titled (Crustacean Records) Happy times, la la la kinda rock that could easily be included on an episode of "Friends." Singer wishes that he was fourteen in one song. But friend, emotionally and mentally you are. And your songs are an accurate reflection of teenage insipidity. Unlistenable, uninteresting, and unnecessary. Jack Link **!**

BIG IN JAPAN Destroy The New Rock (Honest Don's) "New Rock" indeed. This is the typical, melodic neo-punk rock cluttering up the airwaves of stations like CFNY. Intrinsically inoffensive, but your time could be better spent listening to something else. In fact, anything else. Jack Link **!!**

BLITZ Punk Singles & Rarities 1980-83 (Captain Oi!) Classic Brit punk and Oi with that timeless '77 anthemic feel! These tracks are culled from studio tracks and demos, a few EPs and cuts from the 'Voice of a Generation' LP. Lotsa songs here about fighting that'll surely make more than a few skins quite proud. A shame they got all wimpy. Hamish **!!**

BOMBSHELL ROCKS-Cityrats & Alleycats (Burning Heart Records) Do you have your vocal chords nice and wet? If not, grab a pint, clear your throat and hock that loogie clear across the room chum because Bombshell Rocks are gonna make you sing along. Much like the very accessible past few releases from Rancid, these Swedes are slick. Cityrats & Alleycats is melodic, uptempo street punk with a dash of Euro Oi. Very polished. Brad Mitchell **!!!.5**

BONECRUSHER Singles Collection (Outsider) The coolest part about Bonecrusher, is that they don't sound a f—-

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ng thing like you'd expect. Yes, they do have elements of street-level punk in their sound, but it only serves to enhance their appeal. Touches of Oi! lend a nice chant-along aspect to their Jam-esque feel for pounding rhythms, chugging guitars and a good, strong dose of edginess, desperation and unity. And people say that punk rock has no melody to it! Keith Carman **!!!!.5**

BOVVER WONDERLAND-Fogotten Heros (Radio Records) Oi.. yeah... not ONE song that doesn't talk about drinking. The usual Oi! fare here. I probably would have liked it more, if I didn't listen to the STEAM PIG right before it. Mediocre oi, if this is your thing go for it... Dustin **!!.5**

BRIDE JUST DIED All Hallow's Eve (NDN) Where BJD lose a lot of points for having sub-par vocals (they sound like they're barfing into the mic half of the time, and the other half, they sound like they're half-heartedly humming backgrounds), they make up for it in intensity. Sounds aren't exactly original, but they do have a certain finesse for catchiness. Quick-tempo ditties that mix elements of the Misfits with say, Electric Frankenstein. Give them time, and they could do something, but for now, All Hallow's Eve is a work in progress. Good, just not f—-ng great! Keith Carman **!!!**

THE BRISTOLS Sound In Colour (Damaged Goods) The Bristols' peppy sixties pop will have your inner mod child shimmying and shaking with glee. Fabienne's svelte, French accented, masturbation inducing vocals elevate this from the rest of the retro pack. From the bouncy opener "Can't you see that he's mine" to the psychedelic, mind numbing "Baby you're (sic) phrasing is bad," this was quite the pleasant listening experience. As it will be for you as well. Jack Link **!!!!**

CALEXICO Even My Sure Things Fall Through (Quarterstick) This EP brings together some new Calexico material along with remixed and European B-sides. The enhanced CD also has three videos. A touch of Tejano, minimalist country and lyrics, when there are some, which could be from Nick Cave, Calexico is neo-country noir from a wide instrumental spectrum. The group plays horns, violin, the Argentinean guitarron, Spanish vihuela guitar, pedal steel, contrabass and much more. Include some electronic sound effect textures and you have the modern nostalgia of Calexico. Tom Schulte **!!!!**

CANDIRIA 300% Density (Century Media) Experimentally metal which refuses to be pinned down. These guys grab, pull and borrow, from many areas and still manage to sound fresh. Just when you think you're confined to the Sepultura, KIG, Machine, Head & Biohazard sound they throw in some grind and doom and switch to Neurosis or Carcass or Dillinger, Escape Plan territory. It's murky and harsh but also makes way for jazz groove and hip hoppish breaks. Overall no one predominant factor really drowns out another. Everything meshes. Quite a surprise. Hamish **!!!**

CHELSEA The BBC Punk Sessions (Captain Oi) This is an unabridged, 26-track compendium of Chelsea's recordings for the beeb. Four total studio sessions and one in-concert appearance went into this disc. None of this material was previously released. Sleeve notes come from guitarist James Stevenson himself. Listening to this recording, one hears the unique nature of Chelsea's sound in the English punk scene. They eschewed a biting, buzz saw guitar attack for a less distinct, almost plodding sound that ends up being a droning backdrop to the vocal attack of Gene October, the only consistent member to the group. Tom Schulte **!!!**

COUNTERVAIL In The Even of an Unscheduled Landing (Status) Very evil sounding metal-core in the vein of Torn Apart. The band builds up each song with a repeated melody, which eventually explodes in a driving rage. This EP stands as an alternative to the new tech-hardcore trends and manages to avoid coming off dumb at the same time. A worthy addition to your hardcore collection. Aaron Lupton. **!!!!!**

CRASH AND BURN Self-Titled (Rodent Popsicle Records) Amazingly tight and confident offering from up-and-comers Crash and Burn. They deftly transverse and mutate punk and metal, maintaining a high level of energy and quality. A refreshing welcome in a genre where sloppiness and incompetence often reign supreme. Impressive and auspicious, and fully deserving a...Jack Link **!!!!**

CRUSHSTORY A+ Electric (Popkid) This album is full of simple, timeless "indie" pop melodies that only get better with each listen. Whether it's "Sick Of Me" with its homage to Elvis Costello or the catchy rhythms of "White" and "R Relativity", the band definitely has its fingers in some good pies, most notably Sloan circa "Coax Me". Added to that cheesy synth textures, horns, video game noises, a pinch of static and a xylophone on some numbers, and you have a great album. "Jellyfish", running in at six minutes, strays a bit more towards y'alternative, but the song doesn't lose anything. The grade is even in the album title. Crushstory is sure to be nestled between Sloan and The New Pornographers on your cd shelf. Jason MacNeil **!!!!!**

DEATH BY STEREO Day of the Death (Epitaph) Slowly building up a strong fanbase through their intense live shows, Death by Stereo have reached their 'breakthrough' album stage with Day of the Death. Personally I find the band to be an inferior version of Reach the Sky, but there's no denying the loyal following these guys are generating, especially with an upper-midcard spot on the recent Snowjam tour. People will remember Death by Stereo for two reasons. Their quirky song titles (You Mess With One Bean, You Mess with the Whole Burrito being my favorite) and a singer who has a frustrating habit of holding back. When this guy screams, he screams; when he doesn't, he's just whining. I still wonder if their name is a Lost Boys reference....Aaron Lupton **!!!**

DEBT The Pain of Constant Living (Ctrl se se se) Shouty hoarse hardcore from Dublin. Moody, doom parts that break into metallic fury. Lyrics deal heavily with lost hope, failure and pain. The packaging and sound would certainly be at home on the Hydrahead label. Fans of National Acrobat, Caveln, Shogun, Converge & Nora will really dig these guys - especially as they opt to do without the tech aspects in the music. I really want to hear more from these guys. Hamish **!!!!!**

DEMOLITION Road is Free (Anwser Records) Um.. This is good, but I swear, when I first opened the book, I thought Kiss was "turning Japanese". The picture of the vocalist is him striking that ever popular "Danzig" pose. This 5-song disc, is chock-full of that crazy Japanese hardcore NO ONE can get enough of. It's not frantic or spastic, and Gauze/Gism it is not. Just crushing, it's not crust, but it has that vibe. I can't tell what I think about it, and I sure as hell can't compare them to anyone. Give it a go, I don't know... Dustin **!!!**

DIE TOTEN HOSEN Crash-Landing (Nuclear Blast) Long-time German punk rockers with more than a faithful nod to the early Brit sound giving way to some New Wave. Some of these tunes have corny, cheesy lyrics (Big Bad Wolf, Bonnie & Clyde) while others are clever intelligent stabs at politics (Viva La Revolution and Disney Stays the Same). The Beatles cover is passable and 'I Fought the Law' sounds eerily like the Clash version. Overall a few misses but O.K. Incidentally, 'Die Toten Hosen' means 'The Dead Trousers'. Hamish **!!.5**

DISCIPLINE Nice Boys Finish Last (Too Damn Hype) Ooooh you boys are so tough. Discipline covers their tough guy skinhead routine pretty thoroughly, with songs about drinking, fighting, being young, being mean, being stupid, etc. I'm still wondering why the intro is in the middle of the album, but that should be an indication of where these guys are coming from. Hey, personally I find this all kind of boring, but for what it's worth, Discipline are better schooled in their art than most. Aaron Lupton **!!**

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DONKEY Show (Accretions) Drippy, liquidy, zappy, oddball experimental shit and f—-d up drivel. Acoustic strumming, clarinet bursts, squeakish squeals, keyboards, electronics and violin. These 9-11 min tracks are best served on some drugged out astral plain but otherwise for all its soundscape/landscape weirdness, it boils down to nothing more than a vacuum of vast empty nothingness for me. Hamish **0**

DYNAMITE BOY Somewhere in America (Fearless) A few degrees away from playing the prototypical 'fat' brand of punk rawk, Dynamite Boy are just far enough from the afore-mentioned label to not sound tired and predictable, and yet still play a similar brand of pop-punk. Cool packaging adds to the scheme of things, not to mention a great (hidden track) cover of a They Might Be Giants song. Steve Servos **!!!.5**

EARTH CRISIS Last of the Sane (Victory Records) After the godawful Slither album, Earth Crisis try to woo us in with a collection of covers, the prospects of which would seem pretty enticing. But really the end result of Last of the Sane is to reveal Earth Crisis for what they really are, a mosh-core band, through and through. The Hell Awaits intro is promising, but the fact that they don't bother playing the whole song makes you wonder. This leads to the bizarre but disappointing Wanton Song (Led Zeppelin), the play-it-by-numbers Children of the Grave, and a pointless cover of Holiday in Cambodia. The only real standout here is the new track Panic Floods, which sounds a whole lot like Bolt Thrower, but at least lends promise to the return of EC as a metal-core act, as opposed to a Korn tribute band. Aaron Lupton **!!!**

EASY ACTION Easy Action (Reptilian Records) John Brannon's grating banshee howl that served him so well in Negative Approach and the Laughing Hyenas stamps this Easy Action debut as a Motor City punk rock original. As the name would suggest, Brannon is here turning is howl and growl to a hard rock power blues inspired by the early Alice Cooper recordings. This ishard-driving rock that brings to mind fast cars and frenzied '70's hard rock as well as summoning the spirits of 80's hardcore. Tom Schulte **!!!!**

EIGHTEEN VISIONS Until The Ink Runs Out (Trustkill) Now this is what I call crushing. Eighteen Visions is death-metal, mosh, grind, and a touch of black, all rolled into one of the most massively devastating records I've heard in some time. The lyrics are dark, malignant, and poetic, not unlike their death-rock stage presence. Don't get me wrong, this is textbook Trustkill through and through, but I haven't been steamrolled by an album like this in far too long. Aaron Lupton **!!!!!**

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN Annie's Grave (Victory) Electric Frankenstein just keep getting better with each release. One of the most enjoyable bands on Victory, EF are punk rock n' roll all the way. It's like the Hookers only with melody, or Nashville Pussy only with talent and gusto. There's plenty of pure grit rock with a strong taste of punk rock fury to make this band high-energy and always entertaining. Standard rock formation never sounded so friggin' cool. This is the kind of stuff you put on when you're gearin' up for a long night of drinkin', fightin' and f—-n'. Keith Carman **!!!!.5**

ELLIOTT False Cathedrals (Revelation Records) Once in awhile, you come across a cd. This cd will be so amazing that it actually makes your heart stop when you hear the first 30 seconds of it. This is the case of "False Cathedrals". Soft, harmonizing vocals, creative guitar playing and an added piano makes this album the emo choice of this year. After listening to "Drive On to Me" in the dark, I was moved to tears. Fern **!!!!!**

EUPHONE Hashin, It Out (Jade Tree) Strange instrumentals and songs that really make no sense. Needless to say, I'm not a fan. Fern **!**

THE EXPLOITED Punk Rarities (Captain Oi) Long Cd. Twenty-eight songs. Nice combination, a mixed bag if you will. Pure energy. Pure punk! Great guitar riffs, just the right amount of anger and energy. A few tunes made me wanna puke all over the floor. In true Punk form. While others left me rolling on the floor in fits of laughter like "Fuck the Mods", yeah f—- them all today! All I can say is I loved them. I really honestly did. Keep on thumping boys. Crank it up and let it rip. Baby needs a new pair of shoes. Uh-huh! Paula **!!!**

FABULOUS DISASTER Put Out Or Get Out (Pink & Black) Having hated Fabulous Disaster's earlier work, I was less than thrilled to see that they had been signed to a somewhat decent label. I thought, 'Oh great, these L7 wannabe's have some dough behind them now.' But with Put Out Or Get Out, it looks like they've actually rounded up some talent, pace and structure. No longer do they sound like a bad mixed tape of girlie bands that should be forgotten. Now they have a bit of bite to their newfound pop punk n' roll. If this carries on, they may stop sounding derivative and even approach being cool! Keith Carman **!!**

THE FAIRLANES Welcome to Nowhere (Suburban Home) Whiny, snotty, bratty pop punk. While this is no stranger to the NOFX camp it is just so same sounding and plain boring. Hamish **!!**

FAIRWEATHER If they Move . . . Kill them (Equal Vision) Tastes exactly like Saves the Day, Movie Life and Stryder. Blink 182 fans welcome also. Originality? Absent. Hamish **!**

FEAR American Beer (Hall of Records) Lee Ving's two decades of beer fueled American punk rock comes to a logical point on American Beer: more homage to hops and rabid individualism in the spirit of Black Flag, The Circle Jerks and The Angry Samoans. They have a vicious sense of how to deliver rock-n-roll and an outlandish sense of humor to match. Robust and reliable, or is it predictable and uninventive? Regardless, Fear is the draft beer of American punk. Tom Schulte **!!!**

FILTHY THIEVING BASTARDS Our Fathers Sent Us (TKO Records) Filthy Thieving Bastards is the brainchild of Johnny Bonnel and Darius Koski, both of Swingin' Utters fame, and is basically an excuse for the two to settle back on the acoustic numbers which pop up around the Utters' albums here and there. While references to the Pogues would be easy, I'd tend to avoid any comparisons. The lyrics of FTB are all their own, and I'll give credit where credit is due; it isn't normal for a song like Red Roses to move me the way it did. Sniff. Aaron Lupton **!!!.5**

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS The New Imperialism (Lovitt) Frantic, energetic post emo from Arizona. Driving guitars and urgent, in your face vocals that mix soft, spoken parts to spastic screaming. Musically tight and rhythmically intricate and complex. The only problem here is that at 8 songs it's over too fast (not that it's even a gripe). In all a great switch away from listening to a sea of Midwest bands. Hamish **!!!!**

FRENZAL RHOMB Shut Your Mouth (Fat) Knowing that Fat Mike has a serious hard-on for anything that even remotely sounds like pop/punk, it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what Frenzal Rhomb sound like. Thank God it hasn't changed with this album, 'cause it works so damned well for them! Their Aussie good humour and lust for life give the band a nice twist on their rather typical melody-heavy sound. Stellar production just helps to flesh-out this crazy cool album. Maybe, just maybe with Shut Your Mouth, Frenzal Rhomb will climb up the ladder another couple of notches to that Brass Safety Pin. Here's hoping! Keith Carman **!!!!**

FRODUS And we Washed

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our Weapons in the Sea (Fueled by Ramen) DC emocore featuring Jason from Battery. Definitely less spazzy and angsty than previous releases and while this is goove laden and mellower, the harshness and instrumental discordance is still prevalent. A top notch band and another fine release. These guys just don't disappoint me. Whether it's explosive, dynamic rock or drifting calm this certainly hits the spot. Hamish **!!!!**

GEOFF FARINA Reverse Eclipse (Southern) Wanker love songs for downstairs clubs full of cigarette smoke and audiences known for dead silence. Imagine an episode of 'Felicity' or 'Providence' with a closing scene of two characters about to engage in wonderful, sentimental lovemaking (after both have notoriously f—-d all in their same peer group) - well, this is the Nobody whose crap, incidental background music is playing. Never again. Hamish **0**

LARS FREDERIKSEN AND THE BASTARDS S/t (Hellcat) Produced by Tim Armstrong so, yeah, it does sound in the Rancid vein, but it has more of a rhythmic and introspective approach. Gravelly short stories I can see appealing to Dropkick Murphy's fans sans the Irish-isms and also fans of US Bombs. Hamish **!!!**

FYP Come Home Smelly (Theoligian) While the disc's running time is less than 20 minutes with eight songs, FYP's "come home smelly" is a nice little hodgepodge of punkabilly tinged with good meaty hooks. The opener, which is also the title track, recalls the feel of Rancid's "Life Won't Wait" album, with Todd Congelliere's vocals adding some color to some rather inane lyrics. "Knee High" kicks off with a slight reggae/ska mode but returns to old school punk roots. Another high point is "Pink Slipped", which seems to hit you in the gut with Sean Cole's bass playing and the overall bouncy feel. There are a few disasters though, notably a cover of Poison Idea's "Pure Hate". At best, the song sounds like something even Wes Borland's BigDumbFace would leave on the cutting room floor. You could do worse. Jason MacNeil **!!!**

GENERATION X K.M.D. - Sweet Revenge (Empty) Mid-paced, rumbling tuneful '77 punk fronted by Billy Idol. I can just picture his trademark upturned, contorted sneer. This was GX's last album released in 1979 and includes 'Dancing with Myself'. No big deal, really. Hamish **!.5**

GENUINE The Pessimist Project (Temperance Project) Don't let the title fool you, this is straight up Posi-SxE core. Before I read the lyrics (or notices the "X" on the cover) for that matter, I knew this was SxE. How? My good buddy NoNeckSteveWilliams(L.I.H.C!) told me "You can always tell a straight edge band because the font for their logo is that highschool yearbook type, like on letter jackets" and that's true, Judge is a good example. Killer Semi-New School (Think '93 '94) hardcore that pounds your drunken head in, but feels bad about doing it. Just solid, good tunes. Break out the fucking sweatshirt, we're going out with the crew! Dustin **!!!!**

GOOD RIDDANCE The Phenomenon of Craving (Fat Wreck Chords) A short EP from Good Riddance with six songs. Pretty standard material from Good Riddance that makes me look forward to the next album. Fern **!!!**

GOTOHELLS Rock Œn Roll America (Jade Tree) Yee haw! If the trailer is rocking don't come a knocking! The Gotohells are a no-nonsense rock and roll bunch. Their best advice comes in the song "Drink poison, wrestle snakes". I could see these guys touring with KISS in the future. Fern **!!!**

GRAVE DANGER Self-Titled (Rustic Records) Rockabilly trio Grave Danger's CD comes complete with the usual horror rock packaging and content. It's competent, catchy, but awkward production render it just a tad bland, with drumming virtually lost. Their ode to psycho truck drivers warmed my heart. However, the band really deliver with their instrumentals. Overall, solid and worthwhile. Jack Link **!!!**

THE GREAT DECEIVER Jet Black Art (Trustkill) Chances are you've already heard all about this one. Thomas from At the Gates teaming up with equally evil Swedish cohorts for a Trustkill release. A metalcore fan's wet dream perhaps? Maybe, although this is pretty much exactly what you would expect. Creepy guitars, black metal shrieking, but pretty low on the intensity scale. I have a feeling metal heads won't be digging this, but you and I will, fer sure. Aaron Lupton **!!!!!**

THE GRIFFIN Know the Score (MCR Company) Japanese music never seems to amaze me with how weird it is, and here's another prime example. I guess you would call this a throwback to bands like The Clash and The Jam, but it's also extremely boring and irritating at the same time. If you're not a huge fan of Japanese punk to begin with, chances are that this album won't be winning you over. Aaron Lupton **!**

GUTTERMOUTH Covered In Ants (Epitaph) Things I would rather do than listen to this pile of shit CD again: Get festering sores on my scrotum. Have sex with Rosie O,Donnel. Go to the Warped Tour. Oh yeah, and Guttermouth is playing the Warped Tour, I think. Maybe if you go backstage, you can catch them and New Found Glory in some battle of sucktitude. I'm not giving these fuckers a single exclamation point. Die Guttermouth, die. Andrew Wallace **0**

H2O It was a Good Day 7" (Sideonedummy) When H2O made the jump to a major label, their sound took a poppier twist. Call it coincidence, progress, or whatever, it was a pretty big change. The title track of this two-song seven inch reflects the present, more bubble-gum hardcore sound, while "I want more" is a it heavier. If you like the progression that the band is making pick up the seven and add it to the collection, if not, f—- it. Steve Servos **!!!**

HALF JAPANESE Hello (Alternative Tentacles) If you appreciate Half Japanese for being pretty damn inventive and influential in the indie/art rock scene, then you'll already own this record. If not, nothing I can say is going to change your mind. Multiple rotations through this record, and I'm finally not skipping every other track. A solid album from one of the most storied wholly independent rock outfits out there. Steve Servos **!!!!**

HALF JAPANESE Hello (Alternative Tentacles) What is Half Japanese? Is it progressive punk? Is it perhaps hip, punk jazz-rock? Whatever it is, the loyal cult following swears by their angular chord progressions and quirky rhythms, reveling in each unique album of organized noise. The tessellated indie rock of Half Japanese offers the secret lo-fi language to the faithful of Guided by Voices, the childish story imagery of King Missile and the math-y, dynamic guitar rock of Devo. Tom Schulte **!!!!**

HAMMERBRAIN Don't Even Think of It (Empty) This literally sounds like some early lost tapes of Rancid or Social Distortion. The music is raw and the scrappy vocals are in Tim Armstrong and Mike Ness territory. The sound here sucks. Hamish **!!**

HANGNAIL Clouds in the Head (The Music Cartel) England's Hangnail distills traditional '70's stoner rock from Deep Purple to Blue Cheer. More recent inventions like Fu Manchu and Kyuss also come in as valid references. Both heavy and trippy, this group exemplifies the best groove in psychedelic hardrock. Hangnail taps into the power blues drenching the rhythm section of early Led Zeppelin records, too. This is the group's second LP since forming in 1992 and is produced by David Chang (Orange Goblin). Tom Schulte **!!!!**

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HARD ONS This Terrible Place (Bad Taste) A fun band on every level, Australia's Hard-Ons have a sound that is the sum of many parts. There some punk rawk, there's a lot of indie-alternative, and there's even a touch of oddness here and there. Not as aggressive as one would expect from a band with such a name, but their impeccable musicianship and impressive songwriting skills make for an enjoyable listen throughout. Melodic, fun and worth the hunt. Keith Carman **!!!!.5**

HORSEMOBILE What Can & Can't Go (Cuneiform Records) Other reviewers have said the following about Horsemobile "darkness and complexity, a stream of consciousness journey...atmospheric and raw" and "I'd make a beeline to see them". I failed to see the validity of these comments. I heard a blend of boring instrumentals. Fern **!**

HOUSE OF LARGE SIZES Idiots Out Wandering Around (What Are Records?) This is a band that you love, 'cause they're just so much fun. An upbeat sound that has some poppy influence, but is still pretty weird. What's cool about this album, is that it's a live disc that doesn't totally suck. Go figure. While live albums aren't always the best way to hear a band for the first time, it can work. You can hear that the band love what they are doing, and it makes them that much more enjoyable. And for an indie band, this recording is very well done. Better than a lot of majors, that's for sure! Worth checking out for their originality alone. Keith Carman **!!!!**

IDLE HANDS Building a Desert (Trustkill) Idle Hands' music can best be described as a punk rock version of the gathering, and at the same time, being completely out of synch with the rest of Trustkill's catalogue. Most of these songs will come off as too sappy for most punk kids, but songs about failed relationships and high school politics are still delivered with strong conviction. Again, it's not for everyone, sort of a cross between punk, Goth, and emo, but if you are easily sucked in by powerful female vocals, this may be your thing. Aaron Lupton **!!!**

JOAN OF ARC The Gap (Jade Tree) This is a quiet, thought provoking album from Joan of Arc that is a tad on the comatose side. Fern **!!**

KEEPSAKE The End of Sound (Eulogy Recordings) Keepsake remind me of Glasseater in the way they balance sweet pop melodies with brutal aggression. While I'm not usually into the whole screamy emo thing, I found this one to be quite satisfying through the atmosphere the band is able to create while pummeling you. And the emo parts aren't that long anyway. Aaron Lupton **!!!!**

KIDNAP '79-'85 (Upstart Productions) You're probably wondering who Kidnap were, right? Don't worry we're in the same boat. Apparently this French punk rock band formed around 1978 under the name Radiation, recorded an album, changed their name to Kidnap, recorded another album, then broke up in, uh, 1985. The band was pretty much straightforward late 70s punk, adding nothing to the genre nor taking anything away. Don't worry kids, you didn't miss out on anything. Aaron Lupton **!.5**

KING DJANGO Reason (Hellcat) Ska visionary King Django (Skinnerbox, Stubborn All-Stars) is back with this, his first solo record. Opening the album way more in your face than previous recordings he kinda sounds like Snow (Don't get me started on the f—-ng gangster cover complete with guns/swords and shit). When he finally pulls things back, playing mellow and not trying to bombard the listener with his vocal talents (beginning with "Never Try") his true talent comes out. More than half of the album sounds like atop-forty raggae album with the rest maintaining traditional ska sensibilities. If you can stand the shit, there are a few gems. Steve Servos **!!!.5**

KRAYS A Battle For the Truth (Temperance Records) Jeez, I can't tell if I absolutely hate this, or if I just couldn't care less. Shitty, we want to be the casualites while remaining socially acceptable. The song "Frontlines" was written by Mark (Who used to be in the Casualties I believe) A rant on punk being "just music" and a song that is anti-MRR and PE, for as from what I could guess have an editorial policy? Opinions are NOT eclusitory, they're opinions.. f—- it, not worth your money. Dustin **!**

LUNACHICKS Babysitter's on Acid (Go Kart) Ramonesy, glam punk with lots of references to sex and adolescent rebellion. Dorky, fun subversion. How can't you smile slyly when hearing lyrics (cheesy as they are) that proclaim "OCT-OCT-OCTOPUSSY / IF YOU SAY YOU'RE MINE I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN FOR SOME LOVIN' / SHOW YOU WHERE IT'S AT INSIDE MY OCTOPUSS COVEN". Embarrassingly dated and stupid but very laughable nonetheless. Hamish **!**

MAMMOTH VOLUME A Single Book of Songs by (The Music Cartel) Upbeat, pounding rock in the vein of Farside, Texas is the Reason, Grey Area & Elliot. This also slows down the pace on a few songs (just like said bands) but overall stays on a hard pop edge. Not bad at all and should pull in some indie kids. Hamis **!!!**

MELVINS Colossus of Destiny (Ipecac Recordings) Post-metal, post-industrial and post-grunge before there was grunge; Melvins remain among the most advanced and most challenging of underground artists. Colossus of Destiny is a two-track escapade of live, noisy experimentation. More like avant-garde electro-acoustic than anything else, this abrasive collage of bleeps and samples is the segment of the Melvins live shows that send the merely curious out of the room and draw the dedicated close to the stage. Tom Schulte **!!!**

MERCURY PROGRAM All the Suits began to Fall Off (Tiger Style) Instrumental compositions featuring vibraphone, bells, electric piano and cello. Otherwise 5 tracks and half an hour of boredom, faint trippiness and some pretension. Hamish **!**

THE MISSING 23RD Ctrl+Alt+Del (Sessions Records) Ah yes, there's nothing like well-done old school hardcore to bring back memories of Saturday afternoons spent cracking decks and causing shit. The Missing 23rd are a throwback to the hey day of 80s skate rock, which is strange considering how young the band looks. No matter, the hooks, the emotion, the aggression, it's all here. This is the sort of band Epitaph should be spending their money on rather than hyping bands only to drop them 3 months later. Aaron Lupton **!!!!!**

MOLOTOV SODA Eigen Urin (Knock Out Records/Cargo Music) One of the biggies in Germany's punk scene, Molotow Soda's latest project is great background party music. The hooks are there as is the intensity, but the lyrics are in German (go figure!). Opening with "Eigen Urin" and "Antifreund" give a sense of how fun these guys can get, although you don't know what the hell you're talking about. The double-time bass drum and catchy riffs by "Hille" and "Volker" combined with the anti-Nazi ethos on songs like "Stammtisch Hitler" should leave you bobbing around or keeping time somehow. The album is a mix of full throttle punk with some slower rock ditties, but a tune like "Nachts Am Fluss" is a bit confusing, with too many twists and turns. Regardless, it's a decent album with some solid musicianship, sort of like Rammstein on Prozac. Jason MacNeil **!!!**

MONEEN The Theory of Harmonial Value (Smallman) I remember liking their 4-song EP and this full-length is no disappointment. Soaring, drifting emo/indie with catchy pop hooks and some aggression stabs. The song titles are long, the singing is fantastic, the music is great and the

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booklet plays on some multiplication tables theme which in a tongue and cheek way leads me to believe they perhaps have a good sense of humor about the label 'math rock' for it falls in the Frodus category but this time with Grade as well. These Canadians have done a mighty fine job here. Hamish **!!!!!**

MOTHER SUPERIOR- s/t (Triple X Records) If you liked those albums Kiss released in the 80's this should really make you mess up your pants. The contrived riffing is definitely something I have heard somewhere, in fact probably everywhere. Pass on this one, even if Henry Rollins has the producing credits. Rates a single ! because I like Hank's work with Black Flag. Brad Mitchell **!**

MOUTHWASH 1000 Dreams (Hellcat Records) Even though Mouthwash have been accused of being too young and amateurish to be taken seriously, I actually found their brand of ska-reggae-punk to be more digestible than the rest of their brethren. Don't get me wrong, I HATE ska as much as the rest of em', but a noticeable police influence keeps things interesting here. This could be Hellcat's next big thing, but then again, I've been wrong before. Aaron Lupton **!!**

CHRIS MURRAY 4-Trackaganza (Asian Man) Perfect traditional/first wave ska. Chris Murray keeps putting out ska/reggae songs that are catchy as hell, and like early Jamaican ska/reggae recorders did; he focuses on the role of the vocals. Acoustically based, Murray's voice is perfectly suited for the type of lo-fi recording that this is. It's simple, to the point and perfect for summer. Steve Servos **!!!!!**

MU330 Live Oh Yeah (Asian Man) A nice break from some of the complete shiite live albums that are out, the MU330 disk has a lot of things going for it. Crowd interaction, decent sound quality (without perfect production) and a serious attempt to get the live energy of a great band across on album. What results is not just a great live record, but a great record.Steve Servos **!!!!**

N.O.T.A. Live At The Crystal Pistol (Prank Records) This is a live show recorded back in January 1983, which is probably before you were born. While None Of The Above really didn't reach notoriety outside of their home city of Tulsa, they were very instrumental in creating a punkscene apart from L.A. and New York. Grab it, and see where some of theMTV-friendly punk got their influences. This is a piece of punk historykids. Brad Mitchell **!!!!**

THE NATIONAL ACROBAT Can't stop Casper Adams (Status) While Status have built a reputation for themselves as a home for eccentric and varied music, The National Acrobat still manage to stand out as an incredibly bizarre, and disjointed band. The only way to describe this is as restrained tech-metal being dominated by jazz more than anything else. I suppose this may appeal to fans of math rock and indie emo-core, even the most devoted hardcore fans will feel alienated by the twisted music the National Acrobat makes. Aaron Lupton **!!.5**

NEW YORK SKA-JAZZ ENSEMBLE Live in Europe (Stomp) Recorded over three years, at gigs all across Europe, the New York Ska-Jazz Ensemble plays a super-tight brand of jazz heavy ska tracks. These guys can f—-ng play, there is no denying it, but something just doesn't sit quite right on the record (maybe it's the singers awful voice). I like live records that are recorded at one show, and one show only. This way you get a true feeling of what the band is like live, complete with crowd interaction, and group banter. Most of this is edited out for whatever the reason. This may as well be a studio record, and a mediocre one at best. Steve Servos **!!.5**

NIBLICK HENBANE Go Away (TKO) Ok. Besides being the GODS of NJOI!, they can be just so funny with their way of OI! they have without falling into the tough-guy vein. Just good music to have a punt by and chase burds. F—-ng Brilliant! Buy Now! Or lose forfeit your boots and braces! Dustin **!!!!!**

NICOTINE Desperado (Union) Japanese pop punk whose lively energy and robust enthusiasm is admirable enough but musically is an exact carbon copy of TenFoot Pole and No Use For a Name. Not that this is a real detractor for like High Standard, it is nice to hear the accent creep through. The thrashy monotony is broken up by a few ska breaks and goddamn, if the choruses aren't gloriously harmonic. As far as their campy billiard theme in the booklet, if they have that Model in tow perched atop the corner pocket, I can just picture every shot a sink. Hamish **!!!**

NO MOTIV Diagram for Healing (Vagrant) Pop punk a la Face to Face & MXPX with some Green Day and a whole host of other Califormulans thrown in for good measure. Smooth and harmonic. Hamish **!**

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE Fire Under Anti-Government (Empty) UK punk rock again with the whole '77 feel. This takes shots at 'the system' but is not without a sense of humor while giving you something to think about (Give the Money to Bob Marley's Wife). Fans of Sham '69 and SLF should give this a listen. God and straightforward. Hamish **!!!**

OSWEGO Just Getting Warmed Up (B-Core) Four songs of homage to Jawbox produced by J. Robbins. Hamish **!!!**

PATRIOT We The People (GMM Records) GMM is quickly becoming a staple for street and oi! punk in the underground because of solid releases like this. We The People is thug rock, with a definite accessible angle, probably of the production work of Lars Frederiksen (Rancid). His influence is noticeable, and a definite benefit to Patriot's sound. This has all the necessities: sing-a-longs, lyrics about the working class, stomp parts. Solid. Brad Mitchell **!!!!!**

THE PEACOCKS Angel (Asian Man) This album is f—-ng brilliant. Great three-piece rockabilly, complete with upright bass and serious attitude to boot. The music is tight and up-tempo, with strong vocals bringing it all together. If you're at all into rockabilly do yourself a favour, get this record and see how it's supposed to be done. Steve Servos **!!!!!**

DUANE PETERS & THE HUNNS Tickets to Heaven (Disaster) Duane Peters, in U.S. Bombs, blazed a path across the 1990's without ever wavering from single-handedly trying to resuscitate punk rock. Tickets to Heaven shows him and The Hunns to be staying the course. The style is very much authentic Sex Pistols punk mixed with American hard rock minus the gratuitous solos. Tom Schulte **!!!!**

PINHEAD CIRCUS The Black Power of Romance (BYO) Speedy pop punk from the camp of infectious melody. Fast like Good Riddance with bratty, slight snotty vocals and introspective, emo-ish lyrics as witnessed in songs like 'Got the Scars to Prove it' and 'Spoken like a True Asshole'. Hamish **!!.5**

POLYSICS Hey! Bob! (Asian Man) I think this album would be best described as futuristic synth-punk. It takes a few minutes for the ears to get used to what's going on, but when they do, it's actually pretty cool. There's a surf feel to the music (especially in the drum riffs) that melds with synthesizer, vocoder, and programming laced throughout. This Japanese trio is creating a brand of punk that isn't often explored .Check it out. Steve Servos **!!!!!**

THE PRIESTS Self-Titled (Garage Pop) Wild and woolly garage a la The Cramps "Songs The Lord Taught Us." Like some sexually crazed preacher, vocalist Madeline ricochets between the screeching ear drum popping highs and seductive, growling lows. Crushing drums, rockabilly licks, and rumbling bass provide a suitably infernal accompani-

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ment. No salvation here folks, listening to this guarantees a one way ticket to rock and roll hell. Jack Link **!!!!**

THE PROFIT$ Profit Over People (Rodent Popsicle) Oh lord, wrap me up in duct tape and get me gone, send me to a place void of CD players, please. Unfortunately for me, a much more appropriate title for this thing would've been "Quantity Over Quality", and it shows. There's two or three bands like this in every dip-fuck town in America and every one of them sounds the same. Redundant, repetitive, the same 3 or 4 song and chord structures endlessly repeated over 21 songs, sad, sad attempts at "political" diatribes and some of the worst packaging I've ever seen. I'm gonna have to pass. Keith Rosson **!**

RAISED FIST Ignoring the Guidelines (Burning Heart Records) I'm not sure I totally understand Raised Fist's cult following, but there's no denying the impact these Swedish hardcore heroes have had on the punk rock community over the past year. This re-issue of 1998's Ignoring the Guidelines is a non-stop trail of destruction with heavy Swedish metal influences as far reaching as Meshuggha. This is driving, grinding hardcore, far more entrenched in heavy metal than the old school bands they praise as influences. The ill attempt at covering Gorilla Biscuits' New Direction is proof of this fact, but the band themselves are worth your attention. Aaron Lupton **!!!.5**

RED SAUCE BABY S/T (Accretions) Improvisational, spontaneous gutsy-fartsy oddball piano weirdness that sounds like it should be the lunatic soundtrack for a French film about a prostitute, who leaves her lesbian lover and meets a man in search of the perfect croissant who, all the while, looks for a soulmate in avant-garde jazz dives and dreams in claxmation. In other words, complete rubbish. Hamish **0**

REACH THE SKY Friends, Lies, and the End of the World (Victory Records) This is the sophomore record everyone wishes they had made. While the band's debut was little more than decent melodic hardcore, Friends... is incredibly moving music, with lyrics that can mend your heart, and hooks that will leave you mending your limbs. Will Reach the Sky be the sleeper band of the year? Buy this and decide yourself. Aaron Lupton **!!!!!**

RIOT/CLONE Do You Want Fries With That? (Upstart) Generally being one to fucking hate political punk, this should come as some pretty high praise. These guys put some important issues right in your face and make you think. Especially the idea of animal testing and eating meat. Now, if only some of us ignorant f—-s would listen. The music? Well, gutter punk extraordinaire. It's like the BFG's suddenly cared about stuff other than getting loaded. Still, their drive is fucking cool, and the passages between songs are eye-opening. We really are a sick, sick breed. Keith Carman **!!!!!**

THE RIPCORDZ It's Never Too Late To Annoy Your Parents (Sudden Death) Christ, this thing just about runs around like a long lost 2nd DETONATORS record, especially in the vocal department. While nowhere near as frantic as that band, the Ripcordz, given their motley spikes-n-leather image, have crafted 18 suprisingly catchy and fairly creative songs. Sure, you've got some standard 4/4 stuff going on, and they do love their beer and hate their cops, but it's nowhere near the blastbeat "Fuck The System" type shit I was expecting. The production is solid, giving them a full sound for a three-piece. I guess the closest I'm gonna get is if THE DETONATORS and THE MEICES had some kind of demented love child, locked him in the basement, gave him a guitar and some oyster crackers and told him to "play some songs, boyo." Keith Rosson. **!!!**

ROACHPOWDER Atomic Church (TMC the Music Cartel) I'm not sure if that's supposed to be a William S. Boroughs reference or not, but regardless, Roachpowder will have you aching for a safety pin and some oil in no time. This is dirty, dirty music folks. Reminiscent of a summer vacation in Kirkland Lake, Roachpowder's brand of stoner rock is less metallic than rock, so Black Sabbath fans need not apply. Aaron Lupton **!!**

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT Group Sounds (Vagrant) Aw yea, RFTC know how to make me move. Hard rockin', horns a blaring, handclaps, and f—-ng attitude. Making the much needed jump back from a major-label stint at Interscope, RFTC are back doing what they do best, belting out guitar heavy, raunchy rock n' roll. Just f—-ng buy it, it's worth it. Steve Servos **!!!!!**

HENRY ROLLINS A Rollins in the Wry (Quarterstick) Spoken word by Hank. Whereas before it seemed that these engagements were more about churning out ironic, truthful commentary through funny vitro, this time around these performances play out as full, straight, stand up comedy routines. Mind you, there is stuff to laugh at in criticism for poetry; journal entries; Bill Clinton and there is stuff to think about in discussions covering gayness; Israel; parenthood but overall this is a stage act that is so honed for its relaxedness and precision to hit the audience on cue, that any real feel for sudden authenticity appears long lost. We might not have heard it all before but Hank's humor, excited burst and annoying schtick for sfx makes one think that you've heard it in some inception or variation in topics previous. The overall running these here is about evolvement in life and the conflict between ability to cope and inability to mature, so expect to hear a lot of jumpy rambling. Even as the spoken word progresses and moves forward, the desire to hear this again after a complete listen wanes big time. I'm sure longtime diehard fans will masturbate to this. Others may want to proceed with caution and perhaps even apprehension. Hamish **!!**

SAFETY PINS Shake & Spew (Empty) Garage punk rock n' roll with snarling vocals. A bit like Zeke but nowhere near as fast and on more of a trash and decay theme (Let's Fuck, White Scum Rising, Puke!, Cyanide, GG Allin is Dead, Red Letter Jeans, Strychnine) 26 tracks in total including a bunch of covers. Rough and rude. Hamish **!.5**

SCARED OF CHAKA Seven Stories Tall (702) One of the weirdest punk bands that I can think of is Scared of Chaka, whose history is documented here on this 24-song collection. While the majority of their material is straight up wimpy sounding punk, there is no denying the huge following the band built up, leading to comparisons from everyone from Bad Religion to Elvis Costello. Not my thing really, but this sort of release is for the established fan base anyway. Aaron Lupton **!!**

SEA OF GREEN Time to Fly (TMC-The Music Cartel) A few years ago I wouldn't be caught dead listening to any band that covered Pink Floyd, but someone I can't help digging the soaring stoner rock melodies of a band like Sea of Green. Personally I'm usually too busy to sit on the couch all day smoking weed, but I did want to take part in said activity, here would be my soundtrack. Anyway, Sea of Green are a clean high as opposed to all those dirt rocker stoner bands. Aaron Lupton **!!!!**

KEVIN SECONDS Heaven's Near Wherever You are Are (Cargo-Headhunter) Lo fi pop and folk on the coffeehouse circuit. This is Kev stripped down to some bare essentials and will be more appreciated by those who dug the first two solo ventures. While not my thing, this seems to have the spirit of much lighter Elvis Costello or Elliot Smith looming here. In all, it sounds quite honest but I'd much rather listen to 'Ourselves'. With this I can't help but wince and cringe. Hamish **!**

SECRET AFFAIR Glory Boys (Captain Oi) As the most commercial of the Mod scene bands, perhaps Secret Fair had only to fear "getting old," as they sing on the title

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track on their debut album. It almost cracked the Top 40, reaching 41 on the UK charts in 1979. Their sales success and long career is due to the effective, accessible formula heard here: a dash of maximum R&B ala The Who, Classic rock for radio friendliness and fashionable Mod angst. Tom Schulte **!!!**

SHELTER When 20 Summers Pass (Victory Records) If there's one hardcore band that's been dogged by more controversy than any other, it's Ray's Shelter. You'd think that with all the flack they received over their major label debut and subsequent Youth of Today reunion, Shelter really wouldn't have much of a fan base left. But it appears our friends at Victory have decided to fight the good fight with Shelter's latest, When 20 Summers Pass. It's a not a bad package either, concentrating mostly on the old school that Ray helped build, with some injections of emo rock here and there just to keep things interesting. Not ground breaking or anything, but overall it's pretty harmless, and entertaining for the most part. Aaron Lupton **!!!**

SICK SENSE Out of Sight, Out of Mind (El Pocho Loco) Speedy hardcore of the Latino flavor. Sort of a cross between Union 13, Suicidal Tendencies and Voodooglowskulls minus the ska. It's not bad but somehow the sum is unequal to the parts and it's rather mundane. Hamish **!!**

SICK OF IT ALL Yours Truly (Fat Wreck Chords) I really can't decide if I like this album or not. What was once one of my very favorite bands for some time settled for mediocrity on 1999's Call to Arms, so I was a little apprehensive before listening this album. While Yours Truly is a vast improvement on Call to Arms, it's not exactly a return to their heavy kick-in-the-face hardcore either. It's slower, and it's far from heavy metal, but still aggressive as hell, with a lyrical maturity which fits the band like a glove. I'll classify this one as SOIA's 'experimental' album, then wait in anticipation for the next time they play near my home. Aaron Lupton **!!!!**

SIG TRANSIT GLORIA S/t (Johann's Face) Decent blend of indie/emo pop sensibilities a la BRAID & CAPN' JAZZ mixed with pop punk. Very catchy with dashes of piano, organ and synths. Hamish **!!.5**

SISSIES Look Back and Laugh (New Disorder Records) I cringed when I heard this CD. Female fronted vocals and bad guitar playing make up all the songs on "Look Back and Laugh". However, truth be known, I would have killed to have been in a band like this when I was in grade ten. Fern **!**

SIX REASONS TO KILL Kiss the Demon (Alveria Records) I think that's my new favorite band name. Six Reasons are death metal, brutal and ugly with a groove from Sepultura and a vocalist reminiscent of Obituary. Of course this isn't 'real' death metal, it's the kind of death metal that belongs on tour with Hellchild. In other words Six Reasons are hardcore. Don't ask why, just kill. Aaron Lupton **!!!!!**

SKINT Thru the Bottom of a Glass (Leprock) Drunk punk (or in this case drunk Oi) is the bottom of the f—-ng barrel as far as I'm concerned. I don't need to hear song after song after how drunk you are blah blah blah. Who the f—- cares? Think Dropkick Murphy's but heavier on the Oi, subtract production quality, and add horns. Bands like this don't need horns backing them up, get it through your head, it doesn't sound good and just muddles up everything else. Can you say boys club? Steve Servos **!.5**

SLEDGE HAMMER (TETTSUI)/ OUKA- split CD EP Straight-Up Records) Sledge Hammer open up this three track Japanese street punk split with a slow to mid tempo number that comes off being pretty thick. It's a sombretrack, one dedicated maybe to a fallen friend. It's over six minutes, whichis pretty rare for punk these days. The next two tracks are more up-tempo with a slight rock and roll influence. The whole thing is in Japanese so Ican't name the track listings or when one band finishes or the next starts.Yeah, these two bands even sound similar. Worth a look. Brad Mitchell **!!!**

SON OF SAM Songs from the Earth (Nitro Records) Son of Sam is likeprog-Misfits, progressing in many directions. The unique collaboration of Danzig guitarist Todd Youth, Samhain/Tiger Army drummer London May and Samhain drummer features vocalist Davey Havok (AFI). He sometimes reaches cartoonish proportions in his diction that give the group an Alice Donut feel. At other times, they offer Sonic Youth-like art noise ("Evernight") while at other times they tread very near to Classic Rock. The title track is very much in the classic Misfits vein. Tom Schulte**!!**

SOUTHPORT Nothing is Easy (Go Kart Records) Pop punk in the vein of the Parasites and Gameface. Nothing distinctive but non-offensive at the same time. Fern **!!!**

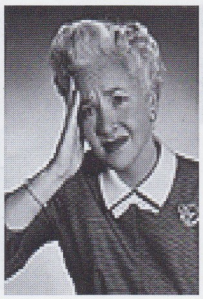
THE SPECTATORS- For Your Future (Straight Up Records) Their intention is good, and they wear their hearts on their sleeve but this Japanese Oi! band ended up giving me a good couple of belly laughs after For Your Future was over rather than leaving me with a feeling of rebellion as good street punk should. It's kind of hard to not smirk when the band shouts "Making Making Making Happy Way/ Come In Magic Bus!" and other such silly nonsense. Pretty weak, although if I had to, I could pick three or four decent tracks off this and make an EP. Brad Mitchell **!**

SQUAD FIVE*O Bombs Over Broadway (Tooth and Nail)) In a long line of bands with big chops and a Big Apple fascination comes this foursome of two pairs of brothers. It might be a source of infighting, but the synergy in the 11 songs doesn't show much of it. Actually, there are no bombs here to avoid. The appearance of "Restless Youth", a softer rocker, shows a different side to the straightforward 4/4 Stooges/Strokes numbers like "Renegade", "They'll Never Take Me Alive" and the title track opener. Jeff and John Fortson share most of the vocal duties, including the infectious yet simple "Tramps On The Run". The lyrics could use a bit of work in some spots like "Lost In The City", but as a whole, the album delivers the goods. Jason MacNeil **!!!!**

STATE ROUTE 522 Status Recordings Presents A State Route 522 Retrospective Compact Disc (Status) State Route 522 were a little known emo/hardcore band that existed between 1994-1997. They aren't known for anything more than recording some songs and releasing them in various locations, which I suppose makes this short (9-song) compilation that much more appropriate. The stand out here is a cover of Jumping Someone Else's Train; I wish more bands would do good covers of the Cure. Then again, you know what they say about bands that are only known for their cover tunes...Aaron Lupton**!!**

THE STEAM PIG-Deep Fried Obedience (Mad Butcher Records) No! No! I refuse to believe it! Intelligent Oi/Streetpunk? Is it...yes it is! It's making me think! Amazing! Heavy Religious Imagery, with the DropKick Murphys Irish Flavor (Och! But these mates are actually from Ireland!) A MUST HAVE for fans of the DropKicks and the such, especially those who prefer their shit a little less commercial/Epitaph..FIND IT! Dustin. **!!!!!**

THE STRAP-ONS -Geeking Dream (Long Beach) There is no sugar coating the Strap-Ons and their no bullshit approach to their madness. Sex, drugs, Jon Benet Ramsey and songs about dolls having sex ("Chucky Got Lucky"), all in 90 second testosterone blasts, grow with each listen, despite how f—ked up the lyrics tend to get. "Wicca Chicka" is the tightest song here, while "Blacksheep" is a throwaway, which is quite remarkable. Lyrics like



Vinyl Views

"I woke up in love this morning/rolled a joint and drank a beer/these new whores are comin over/the old ones died" is a great example of the album's theme. The spontaneity throughout is really refreshing and Brian Diederich's sneering vocals are pure old school. It's rare an album can be done so half-assed and still kick ass, but that's what the Strap-Ons has done. Jason MacNeil **!!!**

STRANGERS AS HEROS This is not a Result of Chemistry (What Else?) Vocally this sounds like annoying Dexter Holland of Offspring's high singing overtop decent driving emo, but thankfully, not for too long (could've been worse! Imagine Fred Durst). Overall this 5-song EP is spirited and very upbeat. Jazz June fans might dig this. Hamish **!!**

THE STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS Waiting for the Death of my Generation (Triple X Records) On Waiting for the Death of my Generation, The Streetwalkin' Cheetahs fit a full horn section onto a couple tracks. We do not hear this enough on today's hard rock albums. Brian Kehew (Muffs, Dickies, Air, Mother Superior) produces this album, still very much in the '60's Detroit proto-punk sound of The Stooges and The MC5. Kehew also throws some keyboard action into the mix by performing on Mini Moog and piano. Another friend helping out is Frank San Filippo who not only did the horn arrangements, but also contributes on sitar and tamboura. With all this going on, is this still a straight-ahead Cheetahs record? Most definitely, Waiting for the Death of my Generation adds to their reincarnation of Detroit hard rock an album that goes from those gnarled roots to the power pop of Alice Cooper's Flush the Fashion. Tom Schulte **!!!**

NIKKI SUDDEN The Last Bandit (Alive Records) A double CD worth of Nikki Sudden's greatest hits? Nikki who? You tell me 'cause I sure as hell don't know. This compilation (?) mostly consists of jangly, 80's pop with some decent rockers as well on disc 1. Disc 2 contains accoustic solo work. Touching, but you've probably heard better. I was probably the wrong person to review this. Jack Link **!!!**

SWELL MAPS Sweep the Desert (Alive/Total-Energy) European punk has always been more fertile ground for artists exploration and experimentalism than the American version of the genre. One of the more experimental of the British punk groups is Swell Maps and this compendium, compiled by Nikki Sudden, Richard Earl and Jowe Head, and focuses on the experimental side of the Maps. Listening to this collection, it can be heard why this prolific group that spawned the careers of not only Sudden but Epic Soundtracks, proved a strong influence on later art-rockers like Sonic Youth and Pavement. Tom Schulte **!!!!**

SWELL MAPS Sweep The Desert (Alive) I think whatever these guys are doing just went way over my pointy little head. This stuff sounds like a bunch of dudes that got together, moaned into the microphone for a while and farted around on out of tune instruments until someone bothered to record them. Songs rarely seem to have any direction, they make Pavement look like a tight band, and everything is plagued with a sick sense of nothing. I don't know. If you like garage bands before they learn how to work together, this'll be your bag. Keith Carman **!!**

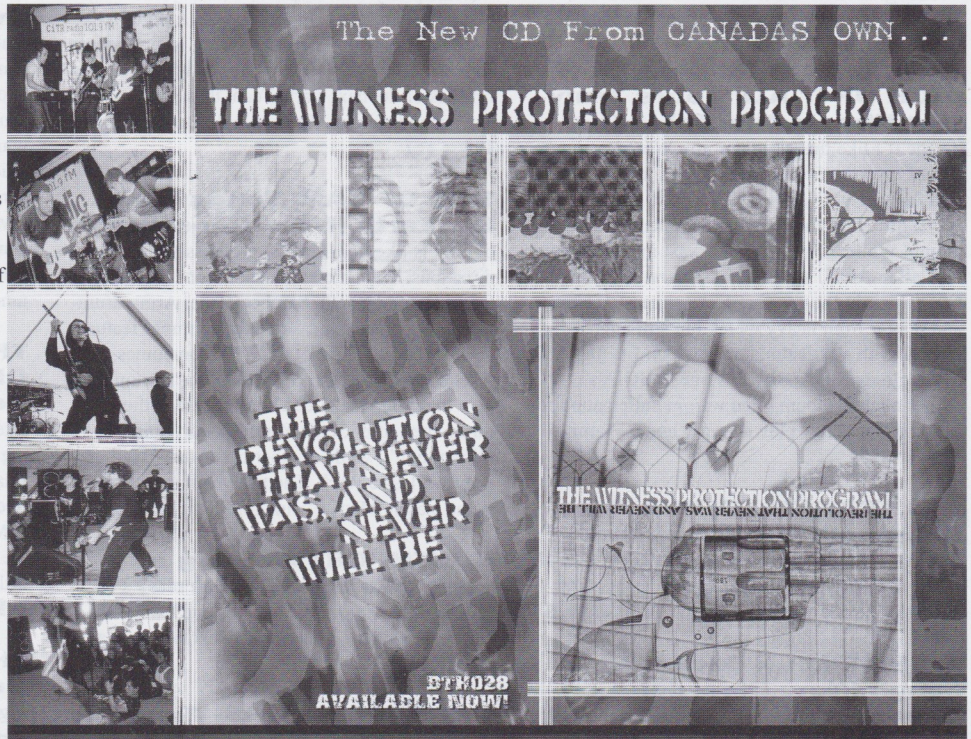
THURSDAY Full Colapse (Victory) Post rock/hardcore with soaring, breezy emo patches like Grade or Garrison. Both beauty and brute force here. Hamish **!!!**

THE TIMVERSION Creating Forces that don't exist (ADD) Gravelly, hoarse punk rock that seems to lose something with its slightly slow approach. The vocals border on screamy which is suitable to more crescendo-ish faster music and here it feels as if the music holds back. This could have been better. Hamish **!!**

TOMMY & THE TERRORS Mass Hysteria (Rodent Popsicle) Barking jabby punk in, yet again, the Brit feel. This is an 8-song album and the unlisted 9th track is a mediocre cover of the Sex Pistols' 'Pretty Vacant'. Ultimately this is a poor man's Dillinger Four. Hamish **!**

TEXAS TERRI AND THE STIFF ONES Eat Shit + 1 (Junk Records) It's exactly what you'd expect: snarling abuse crashing against your eardrums and slithering into your brain like a sopping wet tampon, fronted by a chick with looks and vocals that'll beat your ass dead. Tales of hard times, despair, and fun, anti-social behavior are served up red and raw, making this one of the more enjoyable releases this month. Junk records, we salute you...again. Jack Link **!!!!**

TRIBAL LUST and the HORNY NATIVES 56 Times in 81 Seconds (El Pocho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Loco Records). Everything seems just off on the recording. Instruments take too much of a back seat to incoherent 'singing.' The horns are a nice touch, but don't mix well with what everyone else is doing in the band. Any band that writes songs for Hunter S. Thompson can't be all that bad. Don't count this band out, the energy that they exude is contagious. Steve Servos **!!.5**

TRICKY DICK S/T (Quincy Shanks) More straight-up SoCal punk that is good, but really doesn't offer anything new to the scene. But at least these dudes know how to play their instruments. It really is kinda disheartening to hear bands like this. You know they could do something really crazy, 'cause all of the elements are there: the ability, the talent, the dough. But they stick with safe, ol' SoCal. Well done, but it would be so nice to hear something DIFFERENT. Keith Carman **!!!**

TRICKY WOO Les Sables Magiques (Sonic Unyon) Montreal's Tricky Woo, in their infancy, were rarely found playing a lengthy number without some sort of warped hyper riffs and Elvis-inspired stage presence. With their latest offering, the trio of guitarist Andrew Dickson, bassist Eric Larock and Patrick Conan on the skins have gone for a bigger and more eclectic feel. The gamut runs from the opening Bad Company like chords of "Ring Sweet Mercy" to a funky Sly Stone/Santana vibe on "6 Cats and a Podium". Truly bizarre and yet it's all the better for it. Not venturing deep into spacey jam rock or jazz territory, the group manages to pull off some southern blues/rock with very little effort. The result is a hodgepodge of radio unfriendly ear candy, except for "Don't Get The Music Worried". A couple of instrumentals are the only indifferent ditties fortunately. Jason MacNeil **!!!!**

THE TRONICS What's the Hubub Bub (Wrench) This was originally released in 1980 in cassette format, long before "alternative" was co-opted by jock college boys, the liner notes proudly proclaim. Minimalist lunacy will appeal to fans of musical nutbars like The Frogs or Ween. It's not terrible, but should be digested in small, manageable doses. Everyone else should stay clear away. Jack Link **!!!**

TSUNAMI BOMB- The Invasion From Within CD EP (Tomato Head Records) This six tracker starts off with some haunting keyboard work which made me reach for the CD cover again thinking I plunked in some black metal by mistake. Nope, it's not the new Mayhem by any stretch. Tsunami Bomb mixes the wacky keyboard sound from early B-52's with melodic West Coast pop punk resulting in a definite eyebrow raiser. I wonder if a cover of "Rock Lobster" is far behind. Brad Mitchell **!!.5**

THE TURBO A.C'S Fuel For Life (Nitro Records) I always thought of Nitro as a label that believed in quality over quantity, but this album seems to point to the contrary. It's not that The Turbo A.C.'s are a bad band or anything, it 's just..."why these guys?" With all the bands that Nitro could sign why a group using a gimmick that seems so far removed from their music? Yeah, yeah, I know. Flames, skulls, babes in bikinis, Stone Cold stunners, it's cool and everything, but I don't this band is as tough as they make themselves out to be. This is good if you take it for what it is, a punk album, but I don't see a lot of greasers getting behind Fuel for Life. Aaron Lupton **!!!**

UBANGI STOMP Self-Titled (Brain Drain Records) With a tip of the hat to Warren Smith's rockabilly classic, Ubangi Stomp keep the original rebel yell of rock and roll alive. Crunching metal riffs meet greasy 50's trash, and a guaranteed good time to be had by all rock enthusiasts. Yes, this means you. Includes a revved-up version of Little Richard's "Keep a Knockin'." Jack Link **!!!**

U.S. BOMBS Back At The Laundromat (Hellcat) U.S. Bombs' latest is a good intro to their music for neophytes like myself. I've only encountered their work on compilations, but this album works well as a whole. This is excellent, early 80's style punk, strengthened by solid song-writing and passionate lyrics, quite the anomaly in a musical genre plagued by mediocrity. Punks not dead, at least not with this band. Jack Link **!!!!**

VARUKERS How do you sleep (Go Kart) Longtime UK anarcho-punkers release, for the first time on a US label. Thrashy, gritty and with politics still intact as songs tackle guns, hate, the welfare, individualism and anger as motivation for system change. Fans of Total Chaos and especially Agnostic Front should dig this. Hamish **!!!**

THE VARUKERS One Struggle One Fight (Vinyl Japan) A re-issue of England's early 80s animal liberationists The Varukers, who were basically a heavier version of a Punk and Disorderly band, and sounded almost identical to Broken Bones, but worse. Not likely to win over any new fans with this one, but I guess someone out there must want it. I wonder if Earth Crisis ever listened to this band. Aaron Lupton **!.5**

VOICE OF A GENRATION Obligations To The Odd (Burning Heart/Epitaph) It's weird how this brand of high-octane, gutter laden punk rock still hasn't caught on in the Great White North. These guys are living the lifestyle that their counterparts left years ago, but still pretend to be in 'cause it's cool. You know who I mean. You can hear the hunger in the band's catchy chants, in their gritty guitars and in their straight-up vocals. If the Sex Pistols were a band of this millennium, they would be VOAG. Just with more class and less talent. Keith Carman **!!!!.5**

THE X-IMPOSSIBLES White Knuckle Ride (Cargo Music) The X-Impossibles have been around since 1996, when they formed in Georgia, but their sound and style have been around since the early '70s. White Knuckle Ride doesn't do any disservice to the band's homage to pioneers like the Stooges, MC5, the New York Dolls and perhaps their biggest influence, The Misfits. The twelve songs run from "Fire", which comes off like a poor man's Bo Diddley riff behind Tim Lumley's Elvis-like swaggering vocals. "Dead Horse" strays from their rock/punk blueprint slightly, but doesn't seem to do the trick. The supporting cast of drummer Morgan Engle, and bassist Gary Yoxen round out a very strong sound throughout. Another plus is how the songs seem to build upon one another for a rockier ride. Good road music, especially if you want to be pulled over for speeding. !Jason MacNeil **!!!!**

ZAO (Solid State) Trenched deep in the nu metalisms — the hellishly grating vocals of Daniel Weyandt mixed with the boisterous gloom oozing from the guitars — the album is a good take on what seems to work best for groups like Deftones and Disturbed. Recorded over two weeks last September, there is hardly any filler audible, although some slight repetition ensues in tracks like "The Race of Standing Still" and "The End of the World". The tension filled "Witch-hunter" is a gem while the closing "At Zero" should work well in concert. Add in the atmospheric and unnerving white noise NIN swears by on the slower tracks and it's a keeper. Jason MacNeil **!!!**

ZERO DOWN With A Lifetime to Pay (Fat Wreck Chords) Zero Down is the new band by someone or another from Stung Out, which comes across pretty obviously in the songwriting. This is actually much better than most skate rock, a genre that seems to be dwindling as of late. Not breaking any new ground, Zero Down are still good and fast and should have more than enough to win over the average Snowjam-goer. Aaron Lupton **!!!!**

ZERO DOWN With A Life Time to Pay (Fat Wreck Chords) I figure the reason why crappy bands like Zero Down keep getting signed is because bands like NOFX need opener bands for their shows. There's nothing exceptionally exciting about Zero Down, except that they sound like

Vinyl Views

a younger version of No Use for A Name. Fern !

HOWARD ZINN Stories Hollywood Never Tells (AK Audio/Alternative Tentacles) This recording is Zinn speaking at the Taos Talking Film Festival. Zinn brings his progressive, panoramic view of American history to bear in suggesting stories for films Hollywood should make, but probably never will. In the wake of Saving Private Ryan, most of Zinn's suggestions are of views of war from the participants we never hear from. For instance, Irish immigrant troops that deserted the American side and joined Mexico as San Patrick's battalion in the Mexican-American war and the disgruntled American Revolutionary War veterans that abandoned Washington's cause and post-independence still felt so lighted as to take up arms against the new country. Internal strife is also suggested as in the Ludlow Massacre and Mother Jones' children's crusade of textile workers, heroic and stirring episodes for the genesis of the labor movement. Zinn brings many such tales to light in an entertaining and informative manner as one would expect from his fascinating books, like A People's History of the United States and You Can't be Neutral on a Moving Train. Tom Schulte !!!!

VA Acrustic Age (Crusty) Not being one for acoustic music, it's kinda neat to hear people like Johnny Sizzle do some of his tunes in an intimate setting. Some pretty amusing stuff here really, but overall I don't know if it's enough to make the masses turn their heads away from their copy of MRNR. Still, those that do will get some really cool Canuck bands belting it out sans amps. Keith Carman !!!

VA - Another Years on the Streets (Vagrant Records) A compilation of 20 songs by a variety of Vagrant bands including Get Up Kids, Face to Face, Saves the Day and Automatic 7. There is an even mix of previously released and new material. If you want an introduction to Vagrant Records, this is a good start. Fern !!!

V/A At long last a Proper f—-ng Punk Album (Harry May Records) The last thing I need is a f—-ng labeltelling me what a 'proper punk' album is. That said,Harry May Records has done a pretty fine job inputting together a collection of early '77 British punk anthems. The Rutts, Exploited, and UK Subs are all here, plus 13 others. A great record for people not that familiar with the beginnings of the movement. Steve Servos !!!!.5

V/A-Boston Punk 2000 (Rodent Popsicle Records) Wow! Boston's RP is incapable of putting out bad stuff! You get those Crazy drunks TOXIC NARCOTIC, Unseen side band A GLOBAL THREAT HC punx A POOR EXCUSE and many others like: AUGUST SPIES, ENTROPHY, C.O.P, SHOOT THE HOSTAGES and 17 others! Awesome! Dustin !!!!

VA Disarming Violence (Fast Music) Definitely not the soundtrack for the NRA, "Disarming Violence" features various bands together for one cause: raising awareness about the gun violence issue and trying to make change. Bands that are for the cause include NOFX, All, Blank 77, Pinhead Circus, Dag Nasty and a few others. Fern !!!

VA First Five Years (Jade Tree) A two disc collection of various 8' released by Jade Tree in the early years. Fern !!

V/A Garage Pop Records Rock'n'Roll Compilation (Garage Pop) According to this comp, Rochester NY must be the current garage capital of the U.S.A. There's quite the selection of excellent material here to please the mop topped and mini skirted. Surf instrumentals, rockabilly rampages, way out psychedelia, and just plain trash. Standouts include The Priests' "Xiola Blue," The Villains' "Judgement Day," and Q's wacky love song homage "To Be True." Along with The Priests' current release, Garage Pop Records and Rochester NY are shaping up to be the garage capital of THE WORLD! Jack Link !!!!

V/A Live Fat, Die Young (Fat Wreck Chords) Holy shit, you'd figure that after five volumes of the usual suspects, the Fat compilation would be a thing of the past. F—- off already, get some bands on your label that push the envelope. Even just a little bit would be nice. Sure it's going to sell, and it's 'punk' but just barely. Granted, the Anti-Flag, Propagandhi andSnuff songs rock, and save this from being a complete f—-ng flop. It's so punk they censored the FrenzalRhomb song title on the back cover. Wow, that is punk.Steve Servos .5

V/A No-Fi Trash (Floppy Cow) Label sampler of largely previously released songs (of 28 songs only 4 are unreleased). Promise Ring, Lagwagon, Get Up Kids, Hot Water Music and Death by Stereo and No Fun At All are the biggies here. Hamish !

VARIOUS ARTISTS Oi! Let's Go Canada (Blind Beggar Records) Nothing like 21 tracks of Canadian Oi! music to get the blood flowing eh? Yeah right. Unless you get excited over such bore-fests as Lager Lads, Glorystompers, and Shock Troops, there's no reason for getting involved in this little affair. Let's leave oi! music where it belongs - in the past. Aaron Lupton !

V/A- Punch Drunk 2 (TKO Records) I am a firm believer in compilations. Where else can you get a whackload of music for very little coin? 25 oi! and street bands each cranking out their own definition of the genre. As with the Quincy Shanks sampler reviewed elsewhere, Punch Drunk 2 is a must have. Highlights? Try The Forgotten, The Bruisers, and Antiseen for example. Brad Mitchell !!!!

V/A-Put Some Pussy in your punk (or else) -(On the Rag Records) Renae Bryant of MRR put out this 16 band sampler dedicated to women in punk! Totally awesome. Some of the bands I don't dig, but the majority on here are great! The bands are either all female, or have at least 2 female band members. Don't buy it to be PC, and have a feminist conscience, buy it cause it rocks! Dustin.!!!!

V/A- Quincy Shanks Sampler #3 (Quincy Shanks Records) This is a very cool street punk comp running the full spectrum of the scene from the insanely heavy (Rom, The Hitmen) to the more melodic (Biscayne) and everything in between. Definitely worth looking into for the two tracks Rom crank out. Heavy shit kids, my favourite of the comp. Nine bands, 14 songs. Brad Mitchell !!!!

VA Records for the Working Class Part 2 (Deep Elm) Again, a good introduction to Deep Elm records if you're not already familiar with the label. Deep Elm boasts a variety of pop and emo bands such as Pop Unknown, Appleseed Cast, and Brantson. Probably not some of your household emo names but definitely worth checking it out. Fern !!!

V/A Ritalin Riot (ADD) Label sampler of again, mostly pop punks and previously released songs. At the Drive-In, Pauthro UK, United 13, Dillinger four and Big Wig are the more notables here on this otherwise Florida showcase. Hamish !

V/A Stay Tuned for the Holidays (Crank!) As it is with any compilation, the quality of tracks on the Crank! Sampler, are hit and miss. If you're even remotely into emo you know that Crank! is at the forefront of labels promoting great bands within this genre. This is a great record to help get you into some of the bands that Crank! has to offer. For the more hardened emo fan, the comp has tracks mostly from 7" and EPs, making this a must for the collection. Steve Servos !!!!

VA Terror Firmer (Go Kart Records) This is the soundtrack from the movie "Terror Firmer" brought to you from the fine people at Troma who made such classics as "Killer Condom" and "Tromeo and Juliet". Artists

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include: Gwar, the Vandals, Girls Against Boys, Sick of It All, Entombed and others. Fern **!!!**

V/A That Darn Punk (Kung Fu) Taken from a film from the same title, the soundtrack rocks out with 18 musical tracks and ten audio tracks from the film. The soundtrack features the usual suspects including: The Vandals, Pennywise, the Ataris, AFI, and the Swingin' Utters. Maybe it's the audio break-ups, or the order of bands, but it doesn't tire at all. With a soundtrack as f—-ng rawking as this the movie can't suck that bad. Steve Servos **!!!!**

V/A The Real Oi (I Scream/ Triple Crown) Largely NY bands such as Agnostic Front, Madball, SOIA, Kill your Idols, Awkward Thought, Stigmata and some Euro bands covering 'Oi & Skin tunes by Cock Sparrer, The Oppressed, Sham 69, The Business, Blitz, Cockney Rejects, Slaughter and the Dogs, 4 Skins and others. The songs deal with drinking, fighting, frustration, working class, loyalty and unity. Some decent renditions here. Hamish **!!!**

V/A That Darn Punk (Kung Fu) Soundtrack to the film featuring Lagwagon, Vandals, Pennywise, AFI, Rancid & Swingin' Utters. Peppered throughout are dialogue bits from the movie but the gem here is the Ataris song 'Ben Lee' (you suck). Hilarious lyrics for never were truer words spoken. Definitely a joke track for mix tapes. Hamish **!!**

V/A-Toxic Narcotic/Unseen/ A GLOBAL THREAT/STATISTICS/A POOR EXCUSE (Rodent Popsicle Records)
One CD with the Toxic Narcotic Unseen spilt. It also has the A GLOBAL THREAT "In the Red" 7" a Statistics 7" and an A POOR EXCUSE 7"... Hurrrrmmmm... I like... I like a lot... If you like any of the above bands you can't go wrong.. If you don't know some of them (I Didn't know the Stats' or A POOR... But I dig them both) rock on.. Once again re-affirming the fact that Rodent Popsicle Rules! Dustin **!!!**

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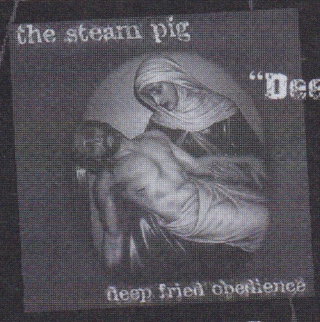

The Steam Pig
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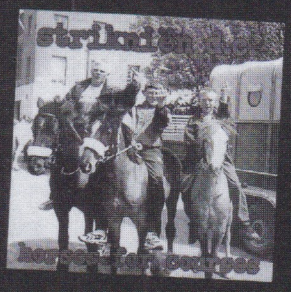

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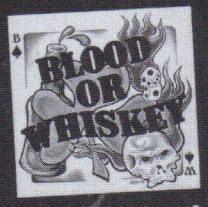

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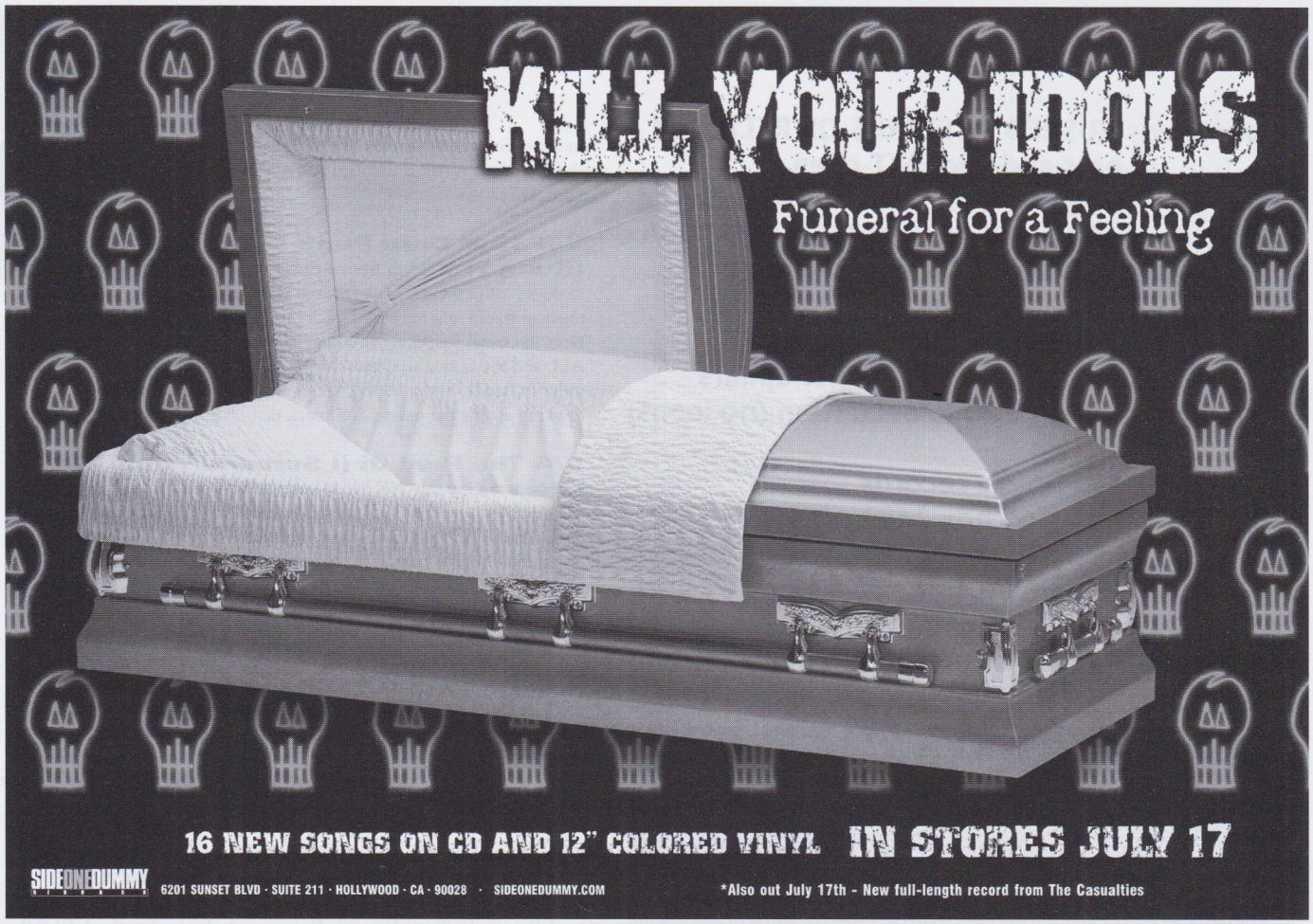

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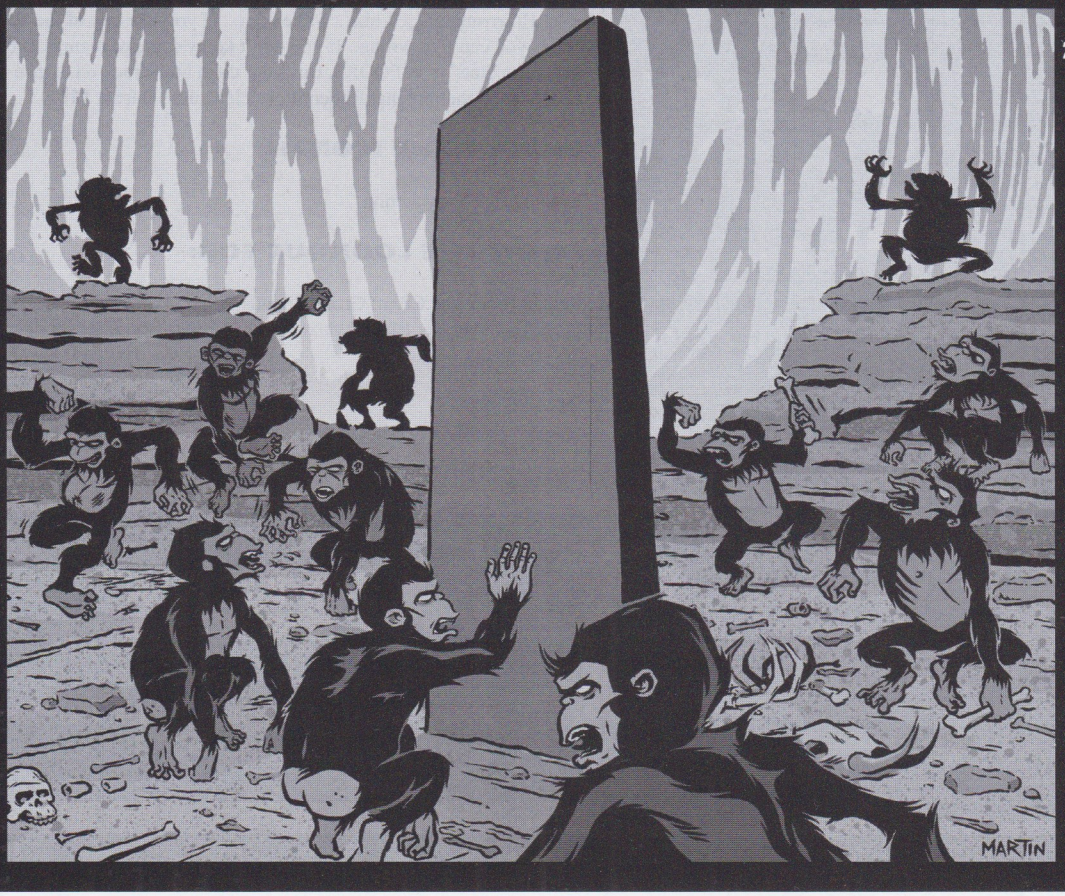

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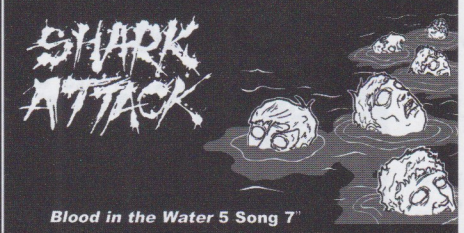

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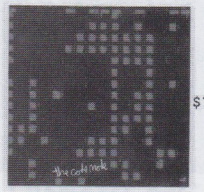

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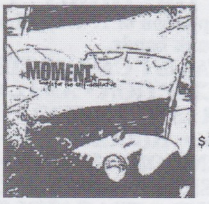

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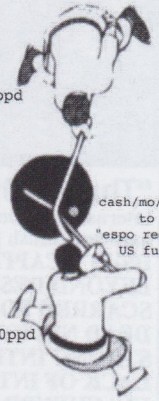

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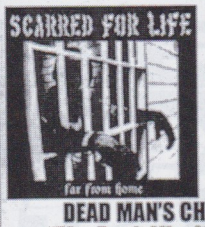

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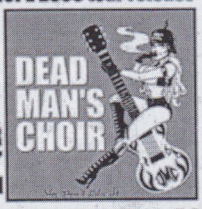

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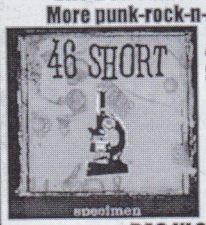

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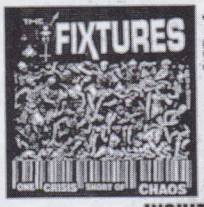

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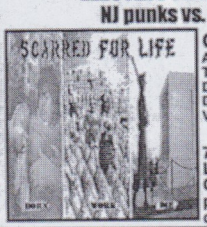

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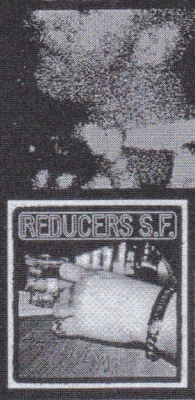

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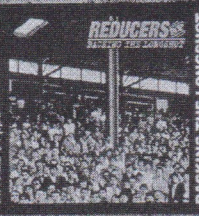

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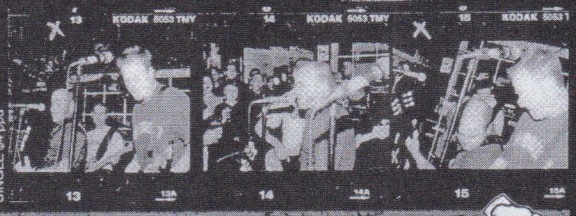

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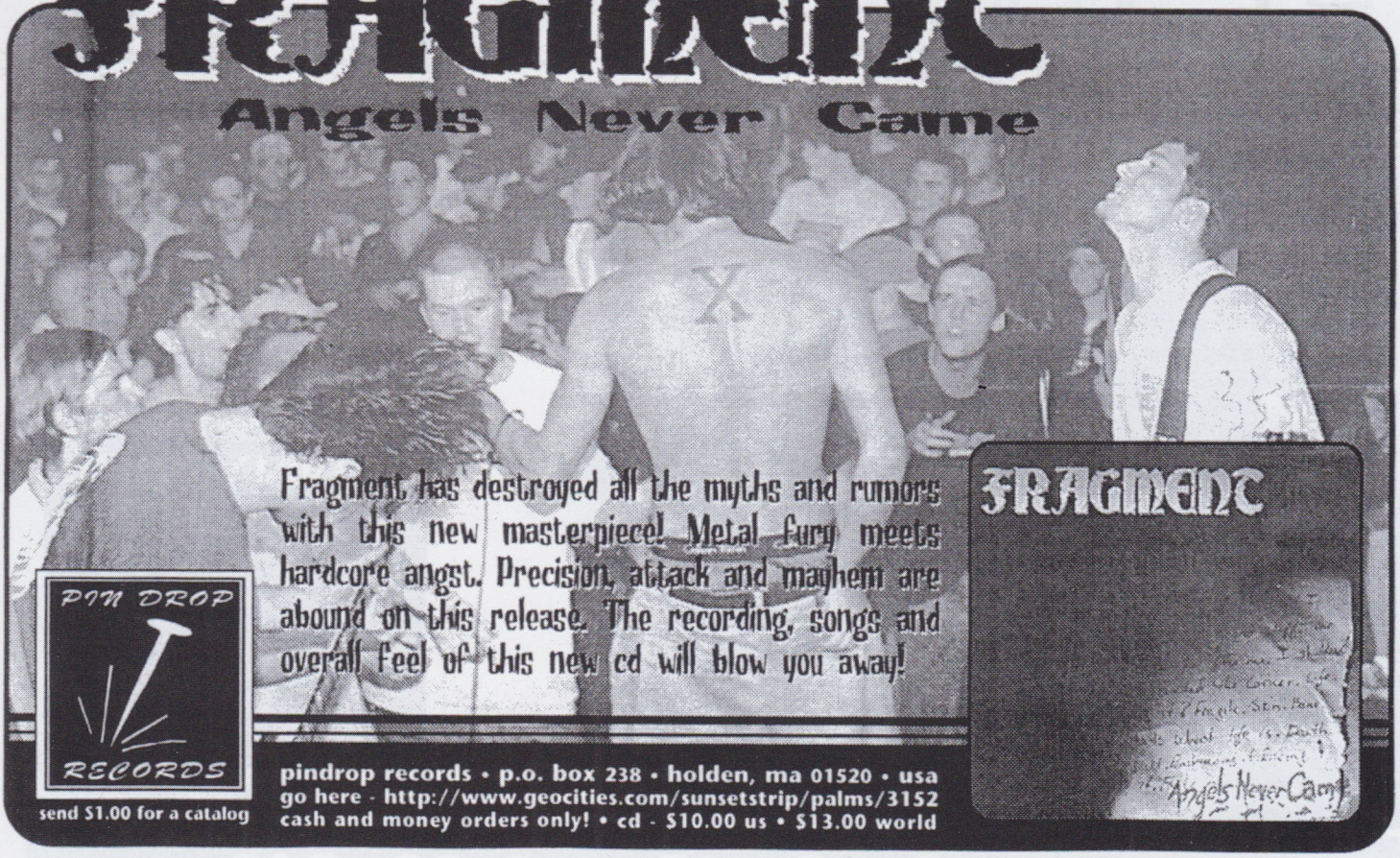

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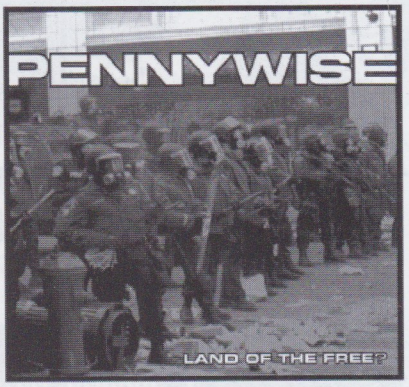

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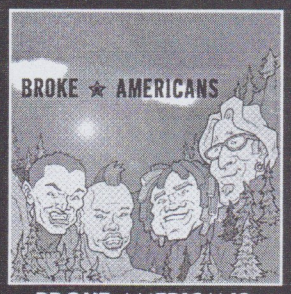

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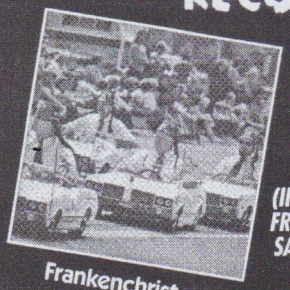
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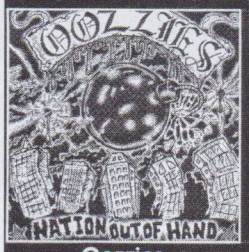

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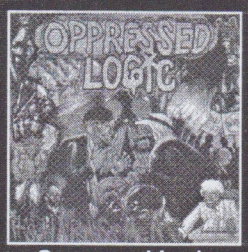

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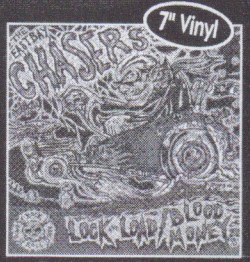

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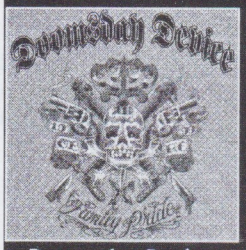

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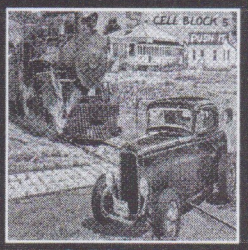

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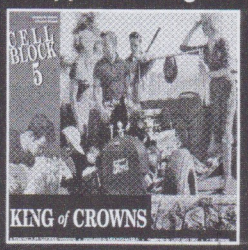

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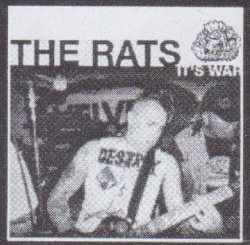

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